THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862. | VOL. X.—No. 8. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

YOU'RE WRONG, MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES STARR HAMBLETT.

The wrong, sirs, can never be right,
And the right, sirs, can never be wrong, sirs,
So for freedom and justice *we* fight,
And in freedom's true cause are we strong, sirs;
We fight for the Union of States,
For the union of hearts and of hands, sirs;
For like ye we know nothing of "hates,"
But we act as our conscience commands, sirs.
So, ye men of the treacherous South,
No longer ye'll bully and brave us;
For from out of your own rebel mouth—
You're wrong Mister Jefferson Davis.

Right well we remember the day,
When at Sumpter you shot at our flag, sirs;
How thus you began the dread fray,
And ran up your "Stars and Bars *rag*, sirs:
From then until now have we known
The weight of your hate, yes, and *treason;*
For the first blow o'er struck was your own,
And that, too, without wrong or reason.
Then, you, South Carolina, "went out,"
And boldly continued to brave us;
But now this is every one's shout—
You'll be hung, Mister Jefferson Davis!

You err in your "messages," (?!) too,
You err when you say that you're "strong," sir;
And all that you say, yes, or do,
Can never make right out of wrong, sir;
You're a traitor, a rebel as well,
And treason we've sworn to subdue, sir,
This wicked rebellion we'll quell,
And of rebels we'll hang—not a *few*, sir;
Your "C. S. A." league we'll break up,
(For your traitorous "Union(?)" is rotten;)
And oh! you will drain Marah's cup,
For we'll no more be ruled by "king cotton;"
Too long have ye bullied the North,
Too long have ye ruled all the land, sirs,
But the fiat of fate has gone forth,
And now 'tis *our* turn to command, sirs;
O! ye fools of the traitorous South,
No more shall ye bully and brave us;
For by words from each vile, lying mouth,
You're all wrong with your dear Jeffy Davis.

The world deems ye rebels and knaves,
And England gives ye the "cold shoulder;"
For who would love *masters of slaves*,
Should feel how the slave's shackles moulder
Both body and soul. Our "mudsills,
And "cowardly Yankees" to man them,
Have given ye fevers and chill—
"These Yankees *are* brave, but oh! d—n them,"
Is now your troops' cry, and right true,
For we've whipped ye, will whip ye "again," sirs,
We'll wallop ye, yes, and *subdue*,
For the right in this war now must win, sirs:
Ye knaves of the treacherous South,
No more shall ye bully and brave us,
For this cry is in each freeman's mouth—
Death to rebels—and Jefferson Davis!

Ah, woe upon woe, and thrice shame,
Alas! and alas! and alas! sirs,
Ye've tarnished our national name,
But we will let by-gones all pass, sirs,
If to your allegiance once more,
Having laid down your arms, ye return, sirs,
We will hail ye as "brothers" of yore,
And by love your love try to earn, sirs;
For, oh! by this time ye should see,
That vainly ye fight, war, and brave us,
When ye all know as well as do we,
That ye're wrong with your darling Jeff Davis.

Then, three cheers for the Stripes and the Stars,
And three cheers for our dear native land;
Make the echoes give back your huzzas,
Come, brothers, let's clasp hand in hand.
We fight for the Union—its laws,
We fight for the freedom of man, sirs,
We fight in God's own holy cause,
And we fight as our foes never can, sirs:
For the wrong, sirs, can never be right,
Then why strive to bully and brave us?
And why do ye hopelessly fight,
When—you're wrong Mister Jefferson Davis?

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

HIS MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES
WITH
A DASHING MARCHIONESS.

A THRILLING STORY OF
FAST AND FANCY LIFE,
More particularly in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, giving a Vivid Portraiture of Secret Intrigues in High Life, and of Midnight Orgies in Water street, and Kindred Localities.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XI.

The Dying Girl—Repentance—Ike and Julia—Harrington Receives a Visit—Emma Littleton—Madame Graham and Howard.

The life of the little Jewess was fast drawing to a close. On a Saturday afternoon Ike and Julia were seated at the bedside of their sister, for symptoms of approaching dissolution near at hand were visible, and these three, whatever might be their relation to the world, loved each other with a devotedness that shames the hollow attachments of wealth and Christian piety. The sun was about setting, and as its rays struggled through the window of the chamber in which she lay, it fell upon her head, and surrounded it as with a halo of glory; for she was pure and innocent; her brother's career she knew not of, and while her sister's wrongs filled her with anguish, she had not discernment enough to perceive that the work of vengeance to which she had devoted herself was wrong; but as her spirit quivered in its weak, earthly tenement, a flood of light poured into her soul, and, clasping her sister round the neck, she said feebly—

"Julia, dear sister, and Israel, my brother, I shall soon be away, never to see you more; but one request I have to make; will you promise me to grant it?"

"Anything, Rebecca, anything; but speak your wish."

"Oft times of late, I have read in the Book of Life, and there I have learned the sinfulness of wickedness; and oh, Julia, I do not wish to reproach you, who are so good and kind, but promise me that you will leave the place where you now are. You cannot be happy there."

"Indeed I am not, and am sick of it; and I gladly promise to return home, but not to rest. I have a duty to perform, which must be done—to bring to justice a villain—ay, perhaps a murderer."

"Well, I am satisfied; but see, the sun is almost set, and it grows dark. Where are you? Kiss me, my brother. Julia, good bye—God bless—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost. Slowly the rays of the sun departed from her brow, and at the same instant, with a gentle sigh, she closed her eyes and breathed her last.

Ike and his sister immediately made arrangements to carry out their sister's wish; and the more readily, as it accorded with their own ideas. The life Julia was leading—though entered into at first with spirit—soon palled, and an increasing disgust determined her at once to quit the house of Howard. But she did not forego her plans for his ruin, as she considered its accomplishment an act of justice, which she felt bound to carry out. The arrest of Jim and Burke had relieved Ike from a burden, as the influence exercised over him by these parties was immense; but for the better carrying out of their plans, they thought it best to consult Harrington, whose wealth and influence might materially assist them. Besides, Julia could not help thinking that she was to some extent accessory to the disappearance of the Southern merchant, and was anxious to do her utmost to clear up his fate. True, she might have applied to the police for aid, but she well knew that they were but too willing to wink at the proceedings of such establishments, and that Howard was a ready banker to the force in times of need. The other parties in Howard's hell had no wish to place themselves in an unpleasant situation by being made *particeps criminis* in a case which would not redound to their credit, but which, if it resulted in the breaking up of their den, would drive them out into the world with damaged reputations, even among their own friends. Moreover, Julia was anxious that the punishment should come directly from her hands, and he be made to feel that what he had considered a noble triumph over a helpless girl, would end in a manner he little anticipated.

The following Monday, and immediately after the interment of his sister, Ike proceeded to the Fifth Avenue to call upon George Harrington. The latter welcomed him whom he considered his deliverer and preserver, and was importunate in his desire to acquit himself, to some extent, of the obligation under which he lay. Ike entered into a complete history of his own life and of his sister's wrongs, and Harrington assured him that he should want for nothing in assisting him in his designs, and the more readily, as Ike had expressed his determination to give up for ever the practices he had been guilty of. The story of his own life was short. His father died when he was very young, and his mother, who was a Christian woman, had endeavored to bring up her children in a respectable manner; but she, too, also died, and the three orphans were left to the tender mercies of a heartless world. Disowned by fellow countrymen, they were in much destitution, till Ike, falling into the hands of designing men, consented, for the sake of his sisters, to become a thief; but the seeds implanted in him by his mother were not entirely eradicated, and as he grew up to manhood, he loathed his occupation, and at last his better nature triumphed, and he made up his mind to work in future for an honest living. His last attempt had been dictated by a desperate want of money, which, although successful, he had been obliged to sacrifice in order to enable him to escape from Diker's clutches. Harrington insisted that he should accept of a handsome sum for present purposes, as he truly remarked that nothing could be done without money, especially against a man who was so well supplied with that material; and Ike and George parted with the understanding that they were to communicate personally at least once a week. It was also arranged that George and his sister should leave their place and the Bowery, and obtain lodgings in some quiet, respectable street near at hand.

The scene between Julia and Howard, when the former declared her intention of leaving his protection, was awful. With bitter imprecations he assailed her, and would have resorted to violence to compel her to remain; but, anticipating this, she was prepared, and informed him that unless she was allowed to depart, assistance was at hand to ensure her demand, and he was obliged to give up the contest. On leaving the house, her brother, who was waiting for her, conveyed her to her new residence, which was unknown to Howard, and where she would be free from his importunities.

Howard's besetting sin was licentiousness, and the loss of Julia affected him powerfully. At a loss to comprehend the motive for her sudden flight, his first thought was to apply to his old friend, Madam Graham; this he did not delay to do, and she was no less surprised than confounded at the turn affairs had taken, but endeavored to console him with the hope that she might be able to supply her place with an equally acceptable mistress. Arranging for his presence at her next soiree, he was fain to content himself at present with hopes for the future.

Madam Graham's customers were all of the wealthiest class, and many of them patronized her because none could rival her in material and fashion; but there were others who used her house for purposes of mere assignation, and these, perhaps her most profitable friends, she treated with marked deference, at the same time a degree of caution was necessary to prevent discovery and disgrace. Emma Littleton had long been in the habit of dealing with her in the way of business, but with that intuitive perception among females, they early discovered each other's qualities, and while the procuress used all her arts to draw Emma into the snare, the latter's pride had hitherto revolted at a step which would place her within the power of such a woman; but Emma was a different being now; her passions, once aroused, burned with an intensity which all the ardor of her youthful paramour but rendered more unbearable, as her interviews with him were necessarily few and far between, and his almost boyish youth had not in it sufficient power to command esteem; and she desired a fuller play for her wantonness; a friend whose age and station would to some extent enhance rather than debase her actions. It was with considerable pleasure, then, that Madam Graham learned from her about this time that she was desirous of becoming acquainted with some gentleman of superior standing and education. Howard at once struck the milliner, for various reasons, as being a proper person for her purpose, and she made an agreement with Emma to introduce her to the object of her desires next day. Accordingly, next afternoon she and Howard were introduced to each other, much to their mutual satisfaction, and considerably to Madam Graham's profit, who realized a handsome sum by her job, for by no other name can it be called. And now Emma gave full vent to her feelings, and plunged with eager haste into a whirl of passionate enjoyment, which even the libertine with whom she associated, was compelled to admit he had never seen equalled, far less surpassed. Of course she still resided in her father's house, but as her time was entirely her own, her meetings with her lover were both frequent and lengthy.

And so this beauteous, high-born lady, the victim of boarding-school education, continued to go on—down—down—down!

CHAPTER XII.

Bill Hogan in Greenwich Street—The Emigrant's Boarding House—The Robbery—The Rape—The Unfortunates.

AFTER his disappearance from Water street, Bill Hogan had for a while retired to the country, but satisfied that Harrington's imprisonment had not been communicated to the police, nor any inquiries made into the matter, he made up his mind to return to the city. Country life had no charms for him; it was only in the crowded city he could find victims whereon to prey, and his enterprising mind fixed upon Greenwich street as the best field for his operations. The apprehension of Burke and Jim had little effect upon him, as he knew that if they entertained any hopes of escape, their only chance was through him, and that they dare not implicate him in any transaction without materially increasing their own danger. Besides, from his penurious and miserly habits, he was in possession of a considerable amount of money, and now that he was about to recommence business, he resolved to do it in style. For this purpose he hired a complete tenement in Greenwich street, and established an Emigrant's Boarding House; but this was merely a blind for real purposes; he soon recalled his old friends around him, and he flourished better than ever; his customers increased, and the revels of the Buff Dance and other intellectual amusements were now conducted on a scale of increased importance and profit. Marvellous were the bargains he now obtained in the way of stolen booty, but he was too wary to keep this species of merchandise stored in the house, and many were the trips he made to a certain locality in Jersey City, where he had secured a safe *depot* for his goods. But no little part of his profits were now made by his trade with emigrants, and the unlucky family who once entered his doors rarely escaped without being fleeced. He generally chose some German or other foreign victim, unacquainted with the English language, and when once such victims had their trunks fairly within his bar, it was astounding how quickly their bills ran up and were presented; and if they had not money enough to settle with, were turned out of doors, and their packages confiscated, under the plea of unpaid board. Now and then a complaint would find its way to the police, but when an officer did make his appearance, Bill was so uncommonly civil, and put matters square with such an apparent interest in the destitute emigrant, that he came out of the transaction more like an angel of charity than anything else. He could well afford occasionally to do the handsome, as he took good care to make up for it at other times; he was like the thimble rigger, who permits the greenhorn to discover the pea once or twice, that he may the more easily induce him to try his luck afterwards. His persuasive eloquence (whether it was oral or financial) generally influenced the reports sent to headquarters, to such an extent that Bill was usually made the victim of an attempt to defraud him of his hotel dues. His wife was now in a condition she had long desired to be. At the head of a house of which she took a considerably better half of the management, and rigged out in the most flaunting style of course and vulgar elegance, she ruled with a rod of iron. Hogan's appearance was also considerably improved. With a clean shirt, black pants, and satin waistcoat, from which depended a heavy gold chain attached to an equally substantial watch of the same metal, he looked as respectable as any man with such a villainous countenance as he possessed was capable of looking, and, taking the pair together, they were looked up to by the neighbors as tip-top people, for though many whispers went about as to their sharp practices, and modes of obtaining money not quite according to law, yet none dared openly to bring such charges against him. His entertainments were too enticing for the youth, and his liquors too good for the aged among his customers to risk the breaking up of such a nice place.

A German emigrant ship had arrived a few days before, and Bill's house was as full as he could wish; the prospects of a handsome addition to the notes which filled his pocket-book were imminent, and many and mysterious were the methods by which this was effected. The young men about the place were generally gifted with an insatiable desire for cards, at which they were adepts, and woe to the unfortunates who attempted to cope with them. Then again the losses of pocket-books and wallets were uncommonly frequent, but of course these were never lost or found in Bill's house. Sometimes an emigrant, returning late from a search after work or friends, would, when within a few yards of the "Haus," find himself in the hands of a couple of fellows who relieved him of all he possessed in no very gentle manner; Bill was indignant that such things should take place near *his* premises; but, damn it, people should take better care of themselves and their money—*he* couldn't help it. Among the inhabitants of Bill's hotel were two sisters, Catrina and Fredricka, who were orphans; their father had died on the voyage; he was pretty well to do in the world, and had about $1500 in money with him, with which he intended to join his son, who some years previously had settled down as a farmer near Chicago. This brother had agreed to meet them in New York, but had not as yet made his appearance, and the sisters were now waiting for him; day after day they looked for his coming, and gradually those with whom they journeyed were scattered about, and strangers in a strange land they remained in expectation of a happy meeting with their only remaining relative.

Hogan's wife had gradually wormed herself into the confidence of the two girls, and succeeded so far as to learn the whole particulars of their circumstances. She and her husband then determined, if possible, to obtain possession of so handsome a sum. An accident favored their designs in a singular manner. A letter arrived one day addressed to the girls, which Hogan, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not he might be interfered with in his plans, opened; by it he learned that the brother had got a leg broken by an accident on the railroad, and was unable to continue his journey; moreover, stating that it would be some weeks ere he could leave his bed. This letter Hogan did not deliver, but immediately set to work with his plans. The amount was too large to risk their ordinary method of procedure, so they had recourse to other means. Mrs. Hogan, with all her arts, could not induce them to place the money in her care, but she dared not show her displeasure, for fear of driving them from the house. During their walks about the vicinity, Catrina and her sister made the acquaintance of two young men, who spoke their language well, and with whom they were frequently induced to go to the theatre and one or two other places of amusement. At last an excursion into the country was proposed and acceded to, and one pleasant sunny day the four, two young men and the sisters, set off in a buggy and travelled pretty far into Jersey; they spent a happy day, though toward evening the girls were somewhat alarmed by finding that their partners indulged pretty freely in liquor, and were rather inclined to insist on freedoms from which they shrank; but as these demonstrations were carried on apparently more in the spirit of fun than from any earnest intention, they did not feel in much personal danger. Their anxiety was not lessened, however, when they discovered that while they were still far from home, the sun was setting, and that darkness would soon envelope them; but they drove on in silence, as the men were now inclined to be sleepy from the effects of their potations. At last, at a lonely part of the road they stopped at a hut, which stood solitary and out of sight almost of any other dwellings. After much persuasion they induced the sisters to alight, and entered the hut. They were met by a repulsive looking old hag, who, after much grumbling, was persuaded by the promise of liberal pay to provide supper, which she did in a most respectable manner, and not by any means in keeping with the display of poverty around her. And soon the girls learned that their travels for the day were ended, that it was too late to continue their journey, and that they must put up with what accommodation they could get till morning; and now the old woman became most obsequious in her attention, and endeavored to soothe the sisters, who were in great distress, as much as possible; and when they retired to a room containing two small beds, and plainly furnished, she talked to them for a while, and left them more at ease and satisfied than they felt at first. But it was long before they could make up their minds to go to bed. Finding a key and strong bolt inside their door, they fastened it securely, and disrobing themselves, lay down on one couch, and in each others arms fell asleep.

Shortly after, the old woman returned to the room where the young men were seated, and who were now engaged in discussing a bottle of rum which stood on a table. A peculiar tap was heard, and on the door being opened, a man muffled up under a load of coverings entered; he proceeded to divest himself of his covering, and Bill Hogan appeared.

"Well, mother," said he, addressing the female, "how goes it?"

"All right, sonny, all right; we've got 'em caged; them two young friends of yours have fixed the thing all right, so be it as how it turns out as you think."

"Oh! well I knows Bob and Jake are two downy coves, ain't yer my hearties?" turning towards them, and giving them a familiar slap on the shoulder.

"Yes of course we is; but yer needn't be so free with yer mawlers, old feller; does yer think its an ox yer a fellin'?" replied Jake, the taller and stouter of the two.

"Vell," exclaimed the other, "its a bloody good thing you've come, or I couldn't a kept myself much longer; its a damned cold night, and I wants my sleepin' partner you promised."

"Wait a little, boys, now, and I'll tell yer how we will fix it; but, mother just go in an' see if them gals is a snoozin' yet, and if they is, you knows what to do; and now if I succeeds you gets $50 a piece, and you can do what you like with the wenches. If I don't get the tin, then they must be let alone till I does get it, that's all. Short and sweet, I is, you see, like a donkey's gallop."

"Well, that's your agreement, and we stick to it," said Bob.

"Yes, that's so," echoed Jake.

Now let us follow the woman. Taking a small lamp with her, which was partially hid by a shade, and providing herself with a pair of scizors, she approached the room where the girls lay, but not in the direction they entered it; entering another room, she listened awhile with her ear at a panel; satisfied that all was quiet, she touched a spring, drew the panel back, and with noiseless steps entered the chamber where the girls lay. Searching among their clothing, she examined their pockets and every part which she thought might contain what she wanted, but in vain. She then noticed that there was only one pair of corsets at hand, and an idea struck her; softly going towards the bed she perceived something rolled up beneath one of the pillows, one end of which protruded; by a little manual dexterity she extracted this, which proved to be the corsets of Catrina. She at once observed that something was concealed in them, and ripping them up, she eagerly seized on a pocket she then found, and slipping from the room closed the panel, and returned to Hogan. Immense was that gentleman's delight when in the pocket he discovered the money he was in search of; he at once paid over the promised sum to his associates; and with a handsome sum also to his mother, he took his leave.

He could scarcely be a dozen yards from the door when Bill and Jake prepared to finish the hellish plot in which they had engaged. Providing themselves with lights, they by means of the panel stood in the sleeping room of the two young, helpless girls. For sometime they gazed with drunken admiration on the fair skin and snowy breasts, which, in the innocent tossings of their dreams, had become exposed; but soon the passions of the villains rose beyond control, and Bill, who had selected Fredrica as his victim, with a sudden jerk tore her from her sister's side, and flung her on the other bed; and soon a scene ensued which almost defies description. Awakened, startling out of their sleep, each found herself assailed by one of these monsters in human form. Many were the unheeded prayers and cries for mercy which they sent forth, but they might as well have talked to wolves. Fredrica, the younger of the two, succumbed before her sister, and a scream of agony told too plainly to her sister of the completion of her ruin. Catrina, with a moan, sank back insensible, and then she too became a dishonored victim. All next day did these fiends keep up the saturnalia of crime, till the sisters, almost dead with fright and exhaustion, were released at dark, placed in the vehicle, and driven back to New York, where, in a deserted street, they were made to alight, and their persecutors drove off, leaving them helpless and penniless, for long ere this they had discovered the loss of their money, and doubted not but these men were their robbers as well as ravishers. Never dreaming for an instant that Hogan and his wife had any hand in the transaction, they, after many inquires got back to the boarding house, and revealed their misfortunes to Mrs. Hogan, who was already as well acquainted with them as she desired. The police were informed of the affair by Hogan (in a version of his own), but they were not expected to exert themselves on behalf of any one unable to pay well. Of course Hogan and his wife could not keep them for nothing, and at last, to get food, two more unfortunates were added to the crowd which throng our streets at night, the victims of that noble creature—man.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Tombs—Jim and Burke—The Lawyer—Trial—Condemnation and Rescue—Burke's wife in trouble.

In separate cells in that classic temple of durance vile, the Tombs, were safely deposited the bodies of Downy Jim and Bloody Burke, and they had been already served with an indictment by the Attorney General on behalf of the Commonwealth on charge of burglary and attempt at murder, and a notice to take their trial at the term of the Superior Court next coming, and which was to sit in a few days. Many and various had been the attempts to approach the jailors for the purpose of sounding their willingness to aid in an escape, but the men were too notorious, and the case too serious for these guardians to run the risk of compromising themselves, and every endeavor to tamper with them had been futile. In the meantime, they had been permitted to have the benefit of a lawyer for consultation, whose conscience was not hampered by supervision of superiors, and whose interest lay more in the amount of money he could pocket than in the safety or danger of his client, the former depending much on the amount the prisoner could command and the assistance to be obtained from outside; for it was seldom that his eloquence was sufficient to obtain the discharge of any one he had the misfortune to defend. By criminals whose cases were hopeless he was in great demand, as he had a very telling manner with a jury, and occasionally even much to the surprise of his own client succeeded in securing his acquittal. Such was the man to whom Bill Hogan applied, and by means of a liberal fee from Burke, for whom he acted as banker, secured him as their counsellor. A more desperate or clear case he never had to contend against than the present, and he at once perceived that by the ordinary methods of jurisprudence, he could never hope to release his friends, and his attention was at once turned to securing their liberty by other means. The abduction of witnesses was not to be thought of, and as little was the buying them off; Harrington was too high game for such methods, and the officers engaged in the capture were too numerous to do anything with, without creating suspicion; it was therefore settled that he should receive a certain amount for acting as go between from Hogan to Jim and Burke, and as they dare not commit anything to writing, he became aware of all their plans; to ensure his secrecy, a handsome sum was promised in case of success; this he felt safe in getting, and of his secrecy his clients were certain, as he was too necessary to them, and they the entire source of his handsome income, for either party to forfeit their position towards each other. Any breach of contract would have proved ruinous to both. To obtain the amount necessary for all his purposes, Burke had through this man to apply to his wife, and thus he became the proprietor of a secret which he hoped to turn to considerable profit. Madam Graham was frightfully annoyed at the circumstance, but she trusted that her husband's case was too glaring to admit of a possibility of his freedom; and, therefore, though not without reluctance, gave her promise that the reward would be forthcoming when a proper title to it was earned; and she even went so far as to visit him once at his request to assure him that she was in earnest. During this interview, nevertheless, she reproached him bitterly for allowing their connection to come to the knowledge of the unprincipled rascal who acted as his counsel, but he coolly informed her that self preservation was the first law of nature, and that it was her duty as well as interest to aid him if it cost her all she had. This domestic homily taught her that it would be dangerous to trifle with him in his perilous condition, and that at any price she must purchase his silence, and those whom he chose to make his confidants. Burke of course stipulated that Jim Morgan should be included in all arrangements made for his safety, as he was confident that if left behind, through his negligence, he was in possession of secrets which if divulged would render his safety impossible in any retreat he might fly to.

The day of trial at last arrived, and on being placed at the bar they pleaded "not guilty;" witnesses were examined, counsel were heard on both sides, and the jury charged on points of law and evidence. They retired, and in a short time a bustle in the lobby announced their return. A few minutes, and they had resumed their seats, and, after the preliminary forms, returned a verdict of "Guilty." A few murmurs in the gallery were quieted by the crier, and the judge, in a short and pithy speech, sentenced each of them to imprisonment for the full term of their natural lives.

As this was the last case of the day, a rush was made to the doors, and in a few moments the hall was empty; the convicts were removed to side rooms, where they were most lovingly attached to each other by handcuffs, and then, as it was about dark, marched off under the charge of three officers to the Tombs. Their route lay a few yards along Chambers street, and then down Centre; they had scarcely reached the corner of Reade street, when a dozen fellows who had been lounging about commenced a fight, and before the officers had time to evade it, they found themselves in the middle of a crowd, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, their prisoners were dragged from them, and themselves felled to the ground, bleeding and bruised. Jim and Burke were thrust into a carriage and driven off at a rapid rate, while with the assistance of their friends they were relieved of their manacles.

When the officers recovered, they felt and looked considerably foolish; for so instantaneous were the proceedings of their assailants that they had not the slightest idea of who they were, and the carriage was out of sight, no one being either able or willing to afford them the slightest clue to the direction it had taken. Their report at headquarters resulted in their suspension, with a hint that their reinstatement depended on the recapture of the convicts. With their wits thus sharpened, they set to work to ferret out their hiding place, but with what success we must at present leave the course of events to discover. Meanwhile, Jim and Burke proceeded to Jersey City, and leaving the carriage a short distance from the ferry, found themselves in an hour or two in the hut described in the last chapter, where they were safe from pursuit long enough at least to mature plans for future action. It will be remembered that the sisters both entered and left this place in darkness, so there was not much chance of even an inquiry into their story leading to discovery.

The next day the lawyer called at Madam Graham's, and the newspapers of the day having sufficiently recorded the incidents of the trial and subsequent rescue, he claimed and received his reward; but on this, his second visit, he displayed an effrontery which annoyed her considerably, and made her tremble for her future peace at the hands of this fellow. He formed a fearful link between her husband and her fate, and she knew she might expect little mercy from either, so long as she was able to meet their demands. This was proved to her unmistakably by the miscreant doubling his demand, with threats, which compelled her to accede to his terms, or run the risk of exposure to ruin, a consummation she was by no means prepared to see fulfilled; but troubles, it is said, never come singly, and in this instance it proved true, for that very evening one of her visitors—an old debauchee who was one of her most gallant customers—remarked to her in casual conversation, that on his entering the house he had met a lady leaving it whom he fancied that he knew, and intimated that he considered her the daughter of a wealthy gentleman with whom he was intimate, who had on one occasion refused his hand, and he freely expressed his surprise at meeting her at such a time and place; in fact, under circumstances which left no doubt in his mind as to the object of her visit. Such was the substance of his remarks, and they threw the milliner into immense consternation. With all her duplicity, she could not entirely conceal the concern she felt at this fresh misfortune, and labored hard to convince him that he was mistaken; but he was a shrewd old fellow, and not a word or look had escaped him. Before he left that night, not a vestige of doubt remained in his mind as to having met Emma Littleton descending the steps of Madam Graham's private dwelling.

Madam Graham's dreams were anything but pleasant that night.

To be continued.

BIDDY'S TROUBLES.—"It is thru for me, Katy, that I never seed the like of this people afore. It's a sorry time I've been having since coming to this house, twelve months agone this week Thursday. Yer honor know that my fourth cousin, Ann Macarthy, recommended me to Mrs. Whaler, and told the lady that I knew about genteel housework and the likes; while, at the same time, I had niver seed into an American lady's kitchen. So she engaged me, and my heart was just ready to burst wid grief for the story that Ann had told, for Mrs. Whaler was a swate-spoken lady, and niver looked cross-like in her life; that I knew by her smooth, kind face. Well, just the first thing she told me to do, after I had dressed the children, was to dress the ducks for dinner. I stood looking at the lady a couple of minutes, before I could make out any meaning at all to her words. Thin I went searching after clothes for the ducks; and sich a time as I had, to be sure. High and low I went, till at last my mistress axed me for what I was looking; and I told her the clothes for the ducks to be sure. Och! and how she screamed and laughed till my face was as rid as the sun wid shame, and she showed me in her kind, swate way what her meaning was. Then she told me how to air the beds, and it was a day for me, indade, when I could go up chamber alone and clare up the rooms. One day Mrs. Whaler said to me, 'Biddy, and ye may give the baby an airin', if ye will.'

"What should I do—and it's thru what I'm saying this blessed minit—but go up stairs with the child, and shake it, and then howld it out of the winder. Such a scraming and kicking as the baby give—and I hild on the harder. Iverybody then in the straite looked up at me; at last mistress came up to see what for was so much noise; 'I am thrying to air the baby,' I said, 'but it kicks and scrames dridfully.'

"There was company down below, and when Mrs. Whaler told them what I had been after doing, I thought they would scare the folks in the strate wid their scraming.

"And then I was told that I must do up Mr. Whaler's linen shirts one day when my mistress was out shopping. She told me repeatedly to do them up nice, for master was going away; so I takes the shirts, and does them all up in a paper, that I was afther bringing from the old country wid me, and tied some bright pink ribbon about the bundle.

"'Where are the shirts, Biddy?" asked Mrs. Whaler, when she comed home.

"'I have been doing them up in a quair nice way,' I said, bringing her the bundle.

"'Will ye iver be done wid yer greenness?' she axed me, with a loud scrame.

"I can't, for the life of me, be telling what their talking manes. At home we call the likes of this work fine starching—and a deal of it I have done, too. Och! and may the Holy Virgin pity me, for I never'll be cured of my graneness!"

A HARD LIFE.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, he is mad. If he glosses over and smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he upholds a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is a tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.—1. Section 15 of the law says that the marshals (to take the place of constables) shall be entitled to the following fees: For serving every summons or warrant on one defendant, sixty-three cents; for every additional defendant served, thirty-seven cents; for going with the plaintiff or defendant to procure security, where security shall be ordered by the court, one dollar; for taking the defendant into custody on a warrant, execution, or commitment, seventy-five cents; for serving every attachment, one dollar; for serving every subpœna, twenty-five cents; for each juryman served, thirteen cents; for drawing any bond, undertaking, or other paper to be used in any action, one dollar. 2. We see no mention made of assistants.

F. J. W., Louisville.—The rates of passage by mail steamers from New York to San Francisco are as follows:—In deck state room, $225; first cabin, $200; second cabin, $150; steerage, $100; children under six years of age, quarter price; between six and twelve, half price; servants, full price.

S. B. L., Onargo, Ill.—His time is very fast already, but with proper training, doubtless, it can be greatly lessened. The best time ever made in running a quarter of a mile is forty-eight and a half seconds.

H. P. M., Cambridgeport, Mass.—We know of no really good work on the subject, published here. There is some useful information in an English publication, entitled "British Rural Sports."

FLINT PEASLEE, Charlestown, Mass.—The money sent does not cover the charge. There is a balance of three dollars due us. Not having your address, we take this method of reaching you. See advertisement in theatrical department.

THEATRICAL, Hartford.—1. John Dyott was the Mercutio on that occasion. 2. You are mistaken as to Mrs. Barrow being the Juliet; it was Mrs. D. P. Bowers. The engagement closed on the 9th of March, 1861.

TOWPATH, Bordentown.—Hyer fought McCleester and Sullivan. He has not appeared in the ring since his contest with Sullivan. He is in this city.

M. B. B. C., Moncton, N. B.—Please send your address and we will forward you a blank form containing the information you desire.

NOW AND THEN, Pittsburgh.—Your news items were anticipated in our last, as you may have observed since mailing yours of the 26th.

WATTIE RUSHER.—Dramatic items too old. You make mention of affairs which took place as far back as the 15th. Fresh items are desirable.

W. C. H., Ironton, Ohio.—Fistiana contains a good treatise on the subject.

VIATOR, Pittsburgh.—Did not reach us till the 28th, too late to be of service.

E. B. T., Dexter, N. Y.—We have already published those rules two or three times.

JASPER, Alleghany City.—The Doctor is still living, we understand, but we are unable to give you his address.

BROOKLYN.—The *Scientific American* can give you more definite information on those points than we are able to give you.

VOLUNTEER, Chicago.—1. He should have followed suit. 2. The deal passes to the next player.

F. H. T., Cairo, Ill.—John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, New York.

NEW SUBSCRIBER, Portage Lake.—We have no record of the horse's performances.

I. F. W.—One is at the Richmond Theatre, and one in this vicinity, we believe.

TOODLES, Boston.—1. The elder Booth died a few years ago. 2. They are brothers.

H. G., Cincinnati.—All those you name are married, we understand, with the exception of "Maggie."

S. D., Philadelphia.—Letter sent to Philad'a, as per your former note.

RED JACKET.—F. A. Brady, No. 24 Ann street, can supply you.

M., Ann Arbor.—Thank you.

J. F. B.—There was a lady in the case; hence the separation.

OLD SPORT, Utica.—Will appear next week.

BILLY BOYD, Detroit.—Received. Thank you.

S., Wilmington, Del.—Low deals, and ace is the lowest card.

C. R. W., Syracuse.—At the rate of two dollars per year.

RICHARD.—Inquire at Appleton's, Broadway.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

A QUIET STATE OF AFFAIRS.

It is very seldom that a champion of England is permitted to rest on his laurels, without having a match on hand, and two or three other aspirants in waiting. But, such is the case at present. Jem Mace, the Champion of England, and defender of the Belt, bids defiance to the world, and there is not one in England to step forward to dispute his claims to the trophy, and to the honors of the office. All the big men of Great Britain seem to have been placed *hors du combat*, and of all the pugilists in the London ring, not one has the temerity to stand forth and meet Jem Mace. He holds the original belt, for which Sayers and Heenan fought so valiantly at Farnborough, and as things look at present, he will hold it for some time to come.

We have more than once given it as our opinion that John C. Heenan will not return to this country without trying conclusions with Mace. It was thought probable that a match would have been made as soon as Heenan reached London. Mace, most certainly, showed himself ready to meet the stalwart son of Benish, and boldly announced, in the presence of Heenan, Sayers, and a score of others, that he "would fight any man," and he put up a small forfeit as an earnest of his intentions. Heenan suffered the challenge to pass, merely stating that he was not there to fight, but to fulfil a business engagement; so the challenge remains to this day unaccepted. Heenan, however, had his reasons for keeping quiet at the time, for he was, in reality, under an engagement to travel with Howes & Cushing's Circus, for which he receives, as we have previously stated, the munificent salary of *five hundred dollars per week!* Of course, under these circumstances, it would have been folly for the Boy to tie himself up in a match with Mace for a sum which, at the outside, would not probably have amounted to more than two thousand dollars a side; with chances, too, of losing that, in a pitched battle, for it is not easy to foretell what obstacles might have tended to his losing the contest. It was the best policy, therefore, for Heenan to attend to that engagement which served him best, and make a surety of that which brings him in *twelve thousand dollars in six months*, rather than risk a pugilistic engagement with Mace, which, in the event of his winning, would not much more than cover his expenses of training. When the travelling season terminates, it is possible that Heenan may pay his respects to Mister Mace—enter into a match with that pugilist, and have it decided in time to take his place with the circus upon the opening of the ensuing season. And this, we think, may turn out to be the programme.

In the meantime, Mace remains without a customer. There is no opponent for him in Great Britain, and he walks over the Champion Course as seldom man walked before.

But in America there are signs of the "coming man." Joe Coburn, one of the most scientific delineators of boxing we have ever had among us, intimates his willingness to meet the British Champion. Coburn ought to make a good match for Mace—he is about Mace's height and weight, and is equal to him as a boxer. Joe, at his benefit the other evening—a full report of which is given in this week's CLIPPER—stepped forward, in the presence of a large audience, and expressed his readiness to fight any man in this country, *bar none*, for from $1,000 to $3,000. His challenge was unanswered. It had been thought that Ned Price, through some of his friends, might be induced to give Coburn another trial—for they fought a draw some years ago—but no response was made. In case no customer should offer, Coburn, we understand, has intimated his intention to visit England, and, when there, may probably enter into a match to fight Mace. His friends fancy him for such a match, and a number are interesting themselves to make some sort of arrangement by which Coburn may have a trial for the Championship of England, in the event of nothing turning up to keep him here. We may learn further of this "onward movement" in time to make mention of it in our next.

GOOD TROUTING.—A party of three went from Hartford, Conn., last week, to have a day's sport in the neighborhood of East Haddam, on the Connecticut river. They succeeded in securing 110 trout (one of which weighed two pounds and a half) from the brooks in that vicinity.

BOWLING.—The first day's play of the New York Bowling Club, a new institution with us, occurred on Thursday, 29th ult., on the grounds of the New York Cricket Club, at Hoboken, thus introducing an entirely new amusement to Americans. The club being in its infancy, and the sport so little known hereaway, the attendance was not very numerous, the number taking part in the play being about twenty. The sides were often changed, so as to give all a chance to play; and considering that many of the players were taking their initiatory lesson, the bowling was very good. The game is not susceptible of a minute description, ocular demonstration being the better method of discovering its merits. With the exception that balls are used instead of discs, and rolling instead o pitching, it is very similar to quoits, and the score is made in the same way. The balls, made of lignum-vitæ, are of various sizes and weights, according to the fancy of the individual player, and are turned "out of true," as it is technically termed, or with a bias or inclination to depart from a straight course on being delivered from the hand. Any number of persons can play on each side, although three, or four at most, make the most agreeable game. The first turn to play is decided by the toss of a coin, when the leader bowls a small ball, termed the Jack, in whatever direction and any distance he pleases, within limits agreed upon and marked out. This Jack is for the same purpose as the "hub," at quoits. Player No. 1 then bowls to get as near to the Jack as possible, and the same effort is made by a player of the opposite side, and so on, alternately, until each player has "expended his ammunition," (two bowls,) when the party having the nearest ball or balls to the Jack, counts so many towards game, which may consist of any number agreed upon, eleven or fifteen being the usual number. Skill in the game consists in having a correct judgment of distance, and knowing the bias of your balls, so that, should one or more balls be directly in front of the Jack, the player can give his ball just the required curve in direction to avoid or go around said balls, and so get nearer to the Jack, or, if necessary, to displace an opponent's ball that may be nearer than those of your own side, or to displace the Jack, for similar reasons. The game is quite fascinating, and we know of no better amusement for an afternoon's quiet exercise out of doors. As the ground is being constantly changed by the Jack being bowled in different directions, and at different distances, considerable practice is necessary to become a proficient. Those who took part in the play on Thursday, were unanimous in its praise, and we doubt not that the club will soon have numerous accessions to its ranks.

HEENAN IN IRELAND.—Great preparations were being made for the tour of John C. Heenan through Ireland. The managers of the circus with which the Boy is engaged, "cautions the public against being misled by any other establishment advertising the name of Heenan, as the world-renowned J. C. Heenan, who fought the great International Battle with Tom Sayers, is only to be seen with Howe's Great American Circus." This caution, we presume, has been rendered necessary, owing to John's brother, Jim Heenan, who accompanied the Boy to England, having engaged with a rival circus concern, and is now exhibiting with the company, under the name of Heenan. We learn by a private letter that Jim Heenan receives a salary of £40 ($200) per week for his name and services. Truly, pugilism (with a big name attached to it) is, just now, of some account in the show business. Heenan was at last advices in Wales.

THE FIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH.—A model of this memorable battle between Heenan and Sayers, on April 17, 1860, executed by one Matthews, now unfortunately domiciled in Sing Sing, was shown us on Saturday last, by S. D. Kehoe, dealer in Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc., to whom it was presented by Dominick Reagan. The figures of Heenan, Sayers, seconds, bottle-holders, &c., are of wood, about five inches in height, and admirably placed in position. The whole is enclosed in a glass case, twenty-six inches square, on the back of which, inside, is a painting in perspective, of some of the most prominent personages present at the battle, making the whole a complete model of the scene it is intended to represent. It is to be on exhibition at Thomas Burns' Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, for some time, where admirers of the art and arts, will have a good opportunity to see it.

JUST SO.—Judging by the severity of the Albany Solons against the concert saloons and their attendants, we may fairly infer that those immaculate lawgivers must have met with some bad company, and "come out of the leetle ind of the horn" during some of their visits to our city of "varieties." But, now the "new law" is being tried on by the police, "vot's the hodds?" Even the country editors, who might be supposed to "read the papers," get caught sometimes, as a case the other day, in our Sessions Court showed, when "Anne Wilson and Mary Johnson, girls of the town, were tried for robbing Mr. Samuel C. Smith, a Tompkins county editor, of $50, while with him at a house of assignation." Smith confessed in court that he had given the wrong name, to avoid publicity, and the girls were, on that account, acquitted. A "leetle" more "legislation" is needed, maybe.

ANOTHER FAD "GO."—Five animals were advertised to trot, on the Fashion Course, last Friday. Of the five, one was ready to go, *three were lame*, and the fifth, having no chance, "skedaddled," and there was no race. The fact that there was only about one hundred persons on the track to see this "great race," had something to do, we opine, with the laming of several of the horses. Now, where's the good of advertising these things, and promising good trots, etc.? The "nice little arrangements" between master and man, and man and beast, don't work like they used to, do they? Can't get a crowd to visit our race tracks now. The people have had their eye teeth cut; and however much interested and paid puffers may attempt to bolster up our scheming "turfmen," the thing won't work.

RATHER COLD.—Those *talked-of* race meetings don't meet with that favor which had been anticipated for them, and it is questionable whether the programme can be brought to a meeting, much less carried out. Promises on paper, and rather flimsy paper at that, don't work in these times. People want a guarantee from "responsible" parties before giving their aid to racing "schemes." We have had too many such schemes, and schemers, and the best thing for the present is, to let those proposed "meetings" subside. Philadelphia isn't ready; New York isn't prepared, and Boston don't want the schemes at any price. Let the thing drop.

TROTTING.—There were a few more trotting affairs on Long Island, last week, but out of all advertised, but one proved in any way interesting. All the tracks on the Island are far behind their usual business, and we do not anticipate much improvement as the season progresses. The public have been so imposed upon of late years that it is a very difficult matter to entice a large gathering to any of the race courses in this direction. Even now, there is a good deal of scheming going on among some of the jockies and their well-dressed "supporters."

THE PUGILIST PREACHER.—In next week's CLIPPER will be given the biography of Richard Weaver, the converted pugilist. Our London correspondent, Ned James, has listened to the preaching of the converted pugilist, and gives his experience for the benefit of the CLIPPER readers. We have already had a sketch of Spurgeon, and next week a sketch of Weaver will appear. A portrait of the Pugilistic Preacher will be given at the same time.

THE MONSTER BATTLE.—Endicott & Co., 59 Beekman street, New-York, have just published a lithograph, printed in tints, of the great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac. It is well-designed and executed, and probably gives a fair representation of the important conflict between those iron-clad monsters, which has revolutionized the navies of the world.

CHESTER CUP.—We have in type a report of the race for the Chester Cup, but it is crowded out of this issue. It will appear in our next. The winner was Mr. Jackson's Tim Whiffler. Mr. Merry's colt by Wild Dayrell had second place; Mr. Thomas' Brighton, third; and Lord Coventry's Sapho, fourth.

COBURN'S EXHIBITION.—A full report of this affair is given in another column.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,

CAPT. TIM WATERS.

The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 4-5t*

A NIGHT WITH THE BOXERS.

JOE COBURN'S COMPLIMENTARY SPARRING EXHIBITION.

JOE'S CHALLENGE TO FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The complimentary tendered to Joe Coburn, on his arrival in the city, by his old acquaintances and well-wishers, took place at the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday evening, May 26th. We think the audience could find no fault, as far as their individual comfort was concerned, with this hall as an exhibition room for the display of the manly and invigorating sport of boxing, as they were accommodated with comfortable high-backed, cushioned seats, good ventilation, and brilliant lights. With the exception of the stage being too narrow for this exercise, we do not know of a better hall for sparring. Notwithstanding the excitement in Broadway, caused by the departure of the gallant 7th, National Guard, for Washington, the hall was filled at an early hour with the friends of Joe, and the lovers of boxing generally. Later in the evening, after the "bold sojer boys" had passed down, the company was augmented by many who had waited outside to see them off. It being known that Coburn was anxious to get on a match with Price, or any other man in the country who might fancy the job; and failing in this, that it was his intention to cross the "big say," and try conclusions with Master Mace for the coveted trophy of the Championship of England, great anxiety was manifested to get a sight of him by those to whom he was unknown by sight. No doubt many were surprised at his temerity in seeking an opportunity to face the Champion of England in the roped arena, as Joe does not look to be a very formidable candidate for such a prize while quietly walking about through the crowd. Some who had seen Joe set-to two or three years ago, were trying to recollect how he had then performed, wondering whether he had failed or improved since that time, and endeavoring to draw information from their neighbors on the vexed question, not being able to restrain their anxiety until the wind-up. Old Bill Tovee, having been installed Master of Ceremonies, was as gay as a tomtit on a pump-handle, and flew about here and there through the crowd, hunting up and pairing the *athletes* who were to contend for applause. For a beginning, he introduced

JOHNNY MADDEN AND CULLEN.—Looking at the build and size of these two young fellows, we anticipated a good set-to, but were disappointed, as neither displayed much scientific knowledge. After exchanging a few harmless blows, and one being forced off the stage—we really forget which—they made their bow and retired.

YOUNG HANLEY AND TOM O'DONNELL.—We were pleased to see Hanley stand up to this namesake of the well-known, with the determination of doing something extra on this occasion. He also prolonged the rounds, an unusual thing for him, as heretofore he generally retired to his corner after the exchange of a blow or two. And if Hanley pegged Tom, he was pegged in return, which is right and proper in boxing, as all must admit. During the set-to Hanley got a fall, which removed quite a large piece of the skin from his elbow.

CULLEN AND FRANK COYLE.—Cullen, not satisfied apparently with his previous set-to, appeared again with Frank—a comical genius. This set-to created roars of laughter and thunders of applause, the contestants going in with a looseness and comical coolness hugely enjoyed by the audience. Good boys; come again.

JIMMY ELLIOTT AND MIKE SMITH.—These two wiry boxers went to work with a will, scientifically sending in socdollagers with sinister and dexter. Both displayed considerable science and activity, stopping with neatness and countering cleverly. Mike on this occasion did better than we have seen him do for a long time, his uppercuts, however, lacking a little quickness to make them very effective. Elliott also did very well, and seems to be improving. With proper training he will make a splendid boxer, as he never shirks hard knocks.

MURPHY AND BENNETT.—This was a fearful encounter—we don't think—the most noticeable feature being that both stood on the defensive—one a little more so, evidently desiring to be "let alone." When they did finally get together, it was a regular hugging match, Murphy making a desperate attempt to climb Bennett. Not succeeding according to his expectations, he evidently became disgusted with the whole affair, when both agreed to withdraw to the dressing-room and consult Oracle Tovee on the matter. Good bye, boys, until we meet again.

JACK BATH AND MCGUIRE.—At the call of time, Jack & Co. were at it before you could wink your eye twice. Bath must have felt in extremely good spirits, as he danced about in a manner so lively as to astonish his friends. But he had a tough customer to stave off, (a Brooklyn boy, by the way,) who, though not possessed of the science of Jack, returned hit for hit, and received Bath's onslaught with the utmost indifference. Jack tried the dodge game, but Mac. kept his eye so well peeled that he succeeded in getting in a little uppercut now and then. They were deservedly applauded.

JOHNNY FITZGERALD AND OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN.—This was a slashing affair—a glove fight well contested. Fitz deserves great credit, being a lighter man than Owney, for the manly manner in which he met the desperate hitting of his stronger opponent, countering Owney every time with surprising quickness, and also taking every advantage to lead when an opportunity occurred. This was the best set-to we ever saw Owney make. He has improved very much, we think, since we last saw him; being quicker, and having a looser play in his shoulders. His blows are sent out straight and strong, and showing a good judgment of distance. He gave Fitz a neat little knock-down by a hit under the chin. This was one of the best sets-to of the evening—almost *the* best.

ROCKY MOORE AND BROTHER.—Rocky is clever and quick with his hands, and his brother nearly equal. They made a very good set-to; but when brothers and chums set-to, we always imagine there is something lacking to make it interesting. This may not be the case; but we think it hard to get rid of the idea. We prefer to see strangers spar together. Exit. bros.

CON FOLEY AND JOHN WOODS.—These heavy-weights gave a good display for big men, hitting out with a will—a thing big ones do not always do, it seems to us. Woods was unusually willing on this occasion to "go in," and Con accepted the demonstration, reciprocating the hard hits to the best of his ability, which same is not to be sneezed at, d'ye mind?

BILLY DONNELLY AND MURPHY.—These two clever boxers have set-to so often together, and been criticised so frequently, that we have nothing to add on this occasion, save that they made a clever display, with Billy for choice.

TOM SMITH AND YOUNG COBURN.—Coburn is the making of a clever little boxer, being quick on his pins, and having already a good idea of the art. He succeeded in getting on Smith frequently, in a clever manner. This style of thing not being relished by Tom, he clinched, (being considerably larger than Coburn, and taking advantage of his superior strength) and tried for the throw. He did not succeed as well as he anticipated, as they fell side by side. A second attempt met with no better success; and a third completely failed, as he got a nice toss, for which Young Coburn received a regular burst of applause.

DAN KERRIGAN AND JOHNNY MONAGHAN.—Dan does not seem to be as stout as he was a few months ago, and looks altered very much, as though from sickness. What's the trouble, Dan? This set-to was all that might be expected from two such clever delineators of the manly art, Johnny making many good points in stopping and hitting. The countering was heavy and rapid, and the set-to generally elicited rounds of applause.

HUGH MCLAIN AND HEN WINKLE.—When either of these two clever boxers put on the mufflers, something good may be looked for; and they did not disappoint our expectations, as they went at it with a will, and kept the fun alive from beginning to end, Hen pressing Hugh so hotly that he tumbled off the platform, but luckily sustained no serious injury.

WIND-UP.—BILLY CLARK AND JOE COBURN.—Tovee, on introducing Billy and Joe, returned the sincere thanks of the *beneficiarie* for the kind patronage of his friends, and also to the sparrers who had kindly lent him a helping hand. As W. T. stepped back, Joe stepped forward, and bowing, said: "I will fight any man in the country, bar no weight, for from $1000 to $3000 a side." Concise and to the point, we think. Three cheers were proposed and given for Joe, and also for Billy. They were both dressed in ring costume, and looked extremely well. On time being called, they put themselves in positions which at once proclaimed them masters of the art polite. Joe's actions were free and easy, but at the same time quick and graceful. His advances and retreats showed the complete command he had of his legs. Clark's manœuvres were also admired. Every eye was on the watch for the first movement toward making a hit. The audience had not long to wait, for the boxers got at it in earnest, and their exchanges were so quick that it was almost impossible to tell where the blows were planted, or who was hit. Joe made some beautiful stops, and Clark got in good hits. Their fibbing was trip-hammer work. Each round was received with tremendous applause, and deservedly so, for it has seldom, if ever, been our good fortune to witness so good a set-to. They are really clever boxers, and so well matched with the gloves, that it would be difficult to choose between them. Who will decide? This wind-up was well worth the price of admission. Has Joe failed any, ye anxious friends? What do you think of his chance with Champion Mace?

GEORGE LEESE IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—I retired from the ring several years since, but owing to some unmanly remarks from one who pretends to be a fighter, and who also imagines that I am too old to fight, I am constrained to enter the magic arena again; and therefore challenge Thomas Andrews, of Cleveland, to fight for from three to five hundred dollars—a fair, stand-up fight, according to the rules of the P. R., in any place he chooses to name. By his attending to the above, he will be met promptly, by man and cash, at the Climax Saloon, Cleveland, Ohio.

GEORGE LEESE.

LAZARUS AND GRIBBEN IN CALIFORNIA.—Johnny Lazarus and Gribben arrived safe at San Francisco, and were up for a sparring exhibition. It appears that Johnny Lazarus, on the bills, styles himself Champion of Light Weights in America. A correspondent, under date of May 1st, writes to say that Lazarus is taking to himself honors which do not belong to him, and denies that he is Champion. Others, also, in San Francisco papers, object to Lazarus assuming to himself the title without fighting for it, and two challenges have been sent him, of which the following are copies:—

A CHALLENGE.—Having heard that John Lazarus, who recently came to this State on a professional tour, subscribes himself the "Champion of Light Weights in America," I desire to test his right to that title, and offer to fight him at his own weight, (115 pounds) for from $300 to $500. As I am not a man of many words, I will conclude by stating that I mean what I say, and desire him to "come up or dry up." Can be seen or consulted at "Our Opera," Stewart Daly's Saloon, Washington street, opposite Maguire's, at any time. CHAS. H. GAFFNEY.

TITLE DISPUTED.—The undersigned, observing that John Lazarus, recently arrived in this city from New-York, has placarded himself as "Champion of Light Weights in America," takes this occasion to dispute his right to that title. He will fight him for from $100 to $1000, catch weights; his present weight, 130 lbs. Would like to hear from him soon at No. 9 Broadway, between Pacific and Davis streets, "Great Eastern Hotel," where man and money are ready. This challenge will be open for one week.

PETER DALY.

So it is probable that Johnny will have to "show cause" in the P. R., or back down from the position he has taken. Our correspondent thinks the first challenge is bogus; but the last he vouches for as meaning business.

THE RING IN CALIFORNIA.—A prize battle was to have been fought there on May 10th, at Port Wine, Sierra county, some particulars of which we glean from the *Mountain Messenger*, which are here appended:—"The approaching prize fight is the all absorbing topic at present in this burgh. Even those who would not in any way countenance such a thing, seem to have a lurking interest in the affair, as a thing of general moment about to transpire; while the sporting fraternity are fully on the *qui vive*, and have pretty thoroughly digested the fair and average points of the contestants. It has been rumored that High Sheriff Kirkpatrick will honor his office and the occasion with an official visit, in which case the parties, it is understood, will adjourn to Little Grass Valley, in Plumas county, about six miles from Port Wine, and two or three miles from here, where the fight will take place, unless Plumas should also spurn the intended honor. We doubt, however, if the affair will be in any way interfered with. Tracey, of Nevada, who was trained by Davis for his fight and victory over Blackwood, which took place somewhere in Sutter county, we think, about a year ago, is reported as coming up to put on the finishing touches of Daly's training. Davis is said to be backed by some parties of his own countrymen (English) at Howland Flat. Daly continues his morning walks to this place, and has about four pounds of lead soled on each of his boots. At the commencement of training he weighed 180 lbs., and is now down to 164. Davis weighed 204 lbs., and is now down to about 185. Both parties are easing up on their training, and on the gain. The parties are to come down with an extra hundred dollars forfeit on the first of May, and the balance on the 9th, the day before the fight. The choice of place, terms of admission to the ring, and other preliminaries are to be determined by referees to be selected on the 1st. Unless the authorities interfere in time, there will doubtless be one of the largest gatherings on the occasion that ever took place in this vicinity."

LIVING IN CLOVER.—Billy Wilson occupies the splendid residence, at Pensacola, of the rebel Stephen R. Mallory. Billy, it is said, lives like a lord in his new quarters, and walks about with a gold headed Charter oak cane, with Mallory's name engraved upon it, and which he confiscated when he took possession.

AQUATIC.

ANNUAL REGATTA

OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, 1862.

The steamboat JOHN BIRKBECK, provided by the Club for the use of the Regatta Committee and the Press, will leave the foot of MORTON STREET, on THURSDAY, JUNE 5th, at 15 minutes past 10, A. M. Tickets $1—a limited number of which will be issued. Apply to CHAS. H. HASWELL, 6 Bowling Green, or on board on the morning of the Regatta. 8-1t

EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB.—The members of this organization will meet at the FARRISH HOUSE, in Houston street, between Crosby and Broadway, on Wednesday evening, June 4th, at 8 o'clock. All persons friendly to the Club and its objects are invited to be present. The preliminaries for the next Regatta will come before the meeting for consideration.

By order of STEPHEN ROBERTS, President.
JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary. 8-1t*

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA.—The regular annual regatta of this club will be sailed on Thursday, June 5th, and it is confidently anticipated that it will prove one of the most exciting and interesting aquatic exhibitions ever witnessed on the waters of our bay, celebrated as it is for the splendor of its aquatic displays. The arrangements are on an extensive scale, and everything is prepared, if the weather is propitious, to insure a glorious gala day for aquatic New York. The entries are numerous; and, without doubt, all of the crack yachts will compete for the elegant prizes, the most beautiful and tasty ever given by the club, and for the laurels of victory. If "Old Boreas" favors the squadron with anything of a breeze, the struggle between many of the evenly-matched craft will present a grand scene of nautical beauty. The course will be as follows: From the starting point opposite the club house, at the Elysian Fields, round a stake boat off Robbins' Reef; thence easterly to a flag boat off Owl's Head, L. I.; thence around the buoy at the Southwest Spit, and home again to the judges' yacht, making a distance of forty miles. Time will be allowed according to measurement of length and beam, each yacht to carry whatever fore and aft canvas her owner may desire. It is proposed to give the allowance of time on the start, instead of at the close, as is usual; it is expected this will render the home-stretch sail an exciting feature.

The following yachts have already entered:—

Schooners—1st Class—(Measuring over 1,500 feet).—Zinga, W. H. Thomas, owner; Maria, Com. E. A. Stevens, owner; Favorita, A. C. Kingsland, owner.

Schooners—2d Class—(Measuring over 1,000 feet and under 1,500).—Haze, W. B. Duncan, owner; Restless, W. H. McVicker, owner.

Schooners—3d Class—(1,000 feet and under).—Norma, A. Major, owner.

Sloops—1st Class—(Over 1,300 feet).—Rebecca, J. G. Bennett, Jr., owner; Minnie, C. Morrow, owner; Scud, Hammond, owner.

Sloops—2d Class—(Eight hundred feet, and not over 1,000).—Annie, (new), L. Livingston, owner; Mallory, J. T. Bache, owner; Nettle, L. D. Senach, owner; Fanny, E. H. White, owner.

Sloops—3d Class—(Eight hundred feet and under).—Nautilus, T. M. Munroe, owner; Lapwing, (new), T. B. Hawkins, owner; Narragansett, S. Fales, owner; Alpha, R. R. Morris, owner.

THE "EMPIRE BOYS" IN MOTION.—The Empire City Regatta Club are early on the move this season, and hold a meeting on Wednesday evening, 4th inst., at the Farrish House, Houston street, to make arrangements for their regatta for 1862. This will be the eighth annual rowing contest which has been arranged under this excellent club's auspices; and it speaks well for their perseverance and energy that, through all the late years of panic, financial distress, and "war's dread alarms," their aquatic *fetes* have been carried through regularly and with "flying colors."

REGATTA AT HARLEM.—An interesting sailing and rowing regatta will come off on the Harlem River, on Friday, June 6th, 1862. The boats will start from off the "Club House," foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street. The first race will be for sail boats, to sail ten measured miles, over the rowing course of the "Empire City Regatta Club," making four round turns to complete the race, and forming a figure 8 in the turns. The prize in this race will be a set of silk colors. The smaller yachts to be allowed two minutes to the foot for difference in length.

The rowing contest will be for seventeen feet boats, to be pulled by double sculls; distance five miles, making two turns over the course, rounding the same stake boats as in the yacht race. The sailing race will start at one o'clock P. M., and the row boats when the yacht race is half over, so that both races will be in progress at the same time. Three boats in each class to make a race. Messrs. Joseph E. Ebling, S. Van Nostrand, and Charles C. Cottee will officiate as judges.

This is the second annual regatta of this club, and if the affair passes off in the spirited manner which marked their regatta of last season, it will certainly prove an exciting and pleasant aquatic event, and worthy the attendance of the lovers of both good rowing and sailing.

A 150 YARDS' SPIN.—A race of this distance, for $100, was run on May 29th, on the cricket ground at Montreal, C. E., between James McCabe, a civillian well known there for his feats of agility and strength, and John Dolman, of the Grenadier Guards. At 3:45 P. M. both men being ready at the scratch, darted off at tip-top speed, the soldier gaining the lead at the outset, which he increased as both shortened the distance to the winning post, on reaching which Dolman had distanced McCabe 12 or 15 feet. The race was only 150 yards, and was finished almost as soon as begun, in about 15 seconds. The running was splendid, both competitors displaying remarkable agility, while no discredit whatever could be attached to the defeated party.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT BY A UNIVERSITY STUDENT.—Mr. Sergeant, a member of the senior class of Harvard University, reached New Bedford, Mass., at ten minutes past ten o'clock on the evening of the 30th ult., having walked the entire distance, about sixty-one and one-half miles, from Cambridge, in seventeen hours and ten minutes. This feat was performed upon a wager of $50 that he could walk the entire distance in twenty consecutive hours.

THE TURF.

OBITUARY.—It is with feelings of regret that we are constrained to announce the recent sudden demise of Mr. Samuel M'Cracken, of Morrisville, Pa., who, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, committed suicide. Mr. McCracken was well known among horsemen as one of the most intelligent men of the profession, and an estimable citizen. For many years he had been identified with that famous stock of trotting horses known as the Bashaws, having been successively the owner of Young Bashaw, Saladin, Black Bashaw, &c. Young Bashaw, the great ancestor of Andrew Jackson, Saladin, Long Island Black Hawk, Black Bashaw, Jupiter, Lantern, Lightning, and Patchen, died in the possession of Mr. McCracken, at Morrisville, Pa. Mr. McCracken had been laboring under an affection of the liver for some years, and his feeble health, conjoined to the death of his lady, it is supposed, induced that melancholy state of mind which led him to seek refuge in that bourne from which no traveller returns.

A LAME EXCUSE.—"A poor excuse is better than none," is an adage often quoted, and generally accepted as a truism; but we are of the opinion that the opposite will be too often found to be the case, and that where excuses are so frequently made, they may be considered in most cases, (we draw it mild) mis-statements. We here produce an example: On Friday, 30th ult., the conductors of the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association, made known by proclamation, that a trot was to take place there, on the following conditions, etc.—

"FASHION PLEASURE GROUND ASSOCIATION.—Trotting.—Friday, May 30. Purse $100. Mile heats. Best 3 in 5, in harness. S. Cook names s g What Is It; S. McLaughlin names s g Nimble Dick; D. Pfifer names b g James Lynch; D. Tallman names s m Gilt; H. Woodruff names s m Lady Emma. Boats from James slip every half hour; 34th street every five minutes. One o'clock boat from James slip connects with the train at Hunter's Point for the Course; fare reduced to 10 cents. JOSEPH CROCHERON, Manager."

The above appeared in the morning papers of the day on which the trot was to take place, notwithstanding which, when the time came for the "anamiles" to parade, only *one*, Lady Emma, put in an appearance. The excuse offered for this state of things, was that Gilt had fallen lame, and James Lynch and What Is it? had followed the same example. Now, if this isn't the lamest excuse ever given for non-performance of contract, we should like to know where its beat is to be found. Three animals to fall lame in one day, is decidedly rich, and with us the excuse won't pass. A more plausible excuse would have been, that so few persons had thought it worth while to visit the grounds of the F. P. G. A. the gate money was deemed insufficient to cover the cost. The reason why Nimble Dick did not try Lady Emma's mettle, is said to have been because the chances were too much against his winning. That's another lame excuse, because, if Dick stood no chance with one, what business had he to be entered to start in a field of five? Go to. These excuses won't do, and they are all of a piece with the mismanagement of the turf in former years, and unless the "Association" adopt a different course, the whole arrangement will "slump through" for want of patronage. Neighbor Greeley's organ attempted to gloss over the affair in its issue of Saturday, and remarked that the failure "could not possibly have been foreseen;" also that "the proprietor offered to give the gate money to be trotted for," which proved to be no go. The gate money, when only about one hundred persons were present, half of whom were probably dead heads, was what we should term a "small thing on turf." Your reputation as a turf sportsman will suffer materially unless you look closer after these things, Massa Greeley.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE.—This arena for "trials of speed," located on Long Island, was *again* opened for the "first time this season," on the 29th ult., the occasion being a "go" for a "purse and stake of $800," between the grey gelding Ed. Eddy and black mare Sunnyside. Widow Machree, who had also been entered, did not show in the race. The affair was evidently a sort of "easy" arrangement, as was sufficiently indicated by the fact of the withdrawal of the "widder," and the long odds—$100 to $15—offered on the black mare against Eddy, the latter having been easily "taken down" by the former a week or two since. Under these circumstances but little interest was manifested in reference to the result, Sunnyside's victory being a foregone conclusion ere they put foot to turf; and so it turned out, the mare winning easily in three straight heats, the time of which was by no means first class. As the details of such a contest would of necessity be "stale and unprofitable," we append the summary only, which gives all necessary information:—

Union Course, L. I., May 29, 1862. Purse and Stake $800. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

D. Pfifer named bl m Sunnyside.....1 1 1
J. D. McMann named gr g Ed. Eddy.....2 2 2

	TIME. 1st heat.	2d heat.	3d heat.
Quarter mile	44	39½	40
Half mile	1:19½	1:16	1:16
Mile	2:37¼	2:35¼	2:34½

A TROT OF FIVE HEATS.—Notwithstanding the moist condition of the atmosphere on Wednesday, 28th ult., an assemblage of more than the usual average congregated on the Fashion Course, L. I., to witness a trot for $1,000 and an outside bet of $500, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, between a gray mare of the same name as a famous feminine equine of "auld Lang Syne"—yclept Lady Suffolk, owned by Henry Genet, the County Clerk, and a bay mare named Kitty Wink. The two ladies were to have tested each other's speed on the previous Tuesday, but the weather proved an excuse for the usual postponement, to the next day, as above stated. At about three o'clock P. M. the animals were paraded before the admiring assembly, and underwent a close scrutiny. The Lady being somewhat the larger mare, was immediately quoted as the favorite in the betting at slight odds, which afterwards descended to par, but speculation was not so general as has been supposed. After showing off their style for a short time, the mares made ready for the start for the first heat, the Lady tooled by Hiram Woodruff, and Kitty under the management of D. Pfifer. On getting the word, the twain bounded off in lively style, Kitty a little ahead, up to the quarter pole, in 38¼ seconds, but she was unable to hold her own through a bad break, which she repeated again soon after, and the Lady finally passed the score first in 2:39½. In the second heat, an even start was made, but Kitty was soon left behind by the grey, the latter leading through the heat, and winning it easily in 2:40¼. In the third heat, however, the tables were changed, and the grey breaking badly, enabled Kitty to put her best foot foremost successfully, as she defeated Miss Suffolk by nearly three lengths, the time being 2:41¼. This altered the odds somewhat, which had been as much as 100 to 40 against Kitty, and more favorable terms were offered and accepted. The result of the third heat added considerably to the interest of the race, and incited Pfifer to put his mare through at her best, on the next and fourth heat. An even send off was accomplished, and although the lady gained a trifling lead soon after, the charming Kitty winked her eye knowingly, and speedily closed up the gap, and a close contest ensued. Both were on their top speed on coming down the home stretch, and the excitement was intense, as they rattled past the score, neck and neck, in 2:40. So close a thing was it that the judges eventually pronounced it a dead heat. This resulted in another and the fifth heat having to be contested, in which Kitty, after a game struggle, had to succumb, although an even start was effected, and she had managed to keep almost on a square with the Lady for the first half mile. The latter finally won the heat in 2:41¼ and the race, thus completing one of the best "trials of speed" turfites have had the pleasure of witnessing for a considerable period. We append a summary of the race and time table:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, May 28, 1862.—Match, $1,000; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

H. Woodruff named gr m Lady Suffolk.....1 1 2 0 1
D. Pfifer named b m Kitty Wink.....2 2 1 0 2

TIME.	1st heat	2d heat.	3d heat.	4th heat.	5th heat.
Quarter mile	38½	39	39	39½	40
Half mile	1:18½	1:18	1:18	1:18½	1:19¼
Mile	2:39¼	2:40½	2:41¼	2:40	2:41¼

OPENING OF OAKLAND PARK.—Pittsburgh, May 29th, 1862:—FRIEND QUEEN: On Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the opening of Oakland Park, for the season, two races took place—one a pacing, the other a running match. The attendance of spectators was moderately large, and the excitement great. The pacing race first came off, for which there were three entries—Hawkeye Maid, Old John, and Sleepy Jim. As the judges called the horses to the scratch, Sleepy Jim took the inside, and Old John the outside. After one false start, they got well together, Jim taking the lead, and the Maid breaking badly. Old John soon got the second place, gaining gradually around the upper turn, and when in close quarters, Jim made a break. Old John then took the lead, which position he held all the way round the lower turn, the Maid close upon him, when Felix, her driver, called upon her, to which she answered with a burst of speed, and passed the judges' stand half a neck in advance, in 2:51. *Sleepy* Jim did not *wake* up to his business, being distanced, and was therefore ruled out. At the start for the second heat, the horses went off together, but the Maid broke again, Old John taking the lead as before, until within a few lengths of the score, when the Maid passed him, and won by about a length, in 2:53. Old John won the third heat, his driver using the whip severely; time, three minutes. The Maid won the fourth and deciding heat in three minutes.

The next demonstration was a running half-mile race, best three in five. For this there were three entries—Rachel Hughes, Honest John, and General Zollicoffer. The horses made a good start, Old John inside, and the General next. Old John won the first heat, by a neck only, in 52 seconds, and the second in 57 seconds. The third heat was won by Rachel in 58, Old John breaking down within a few jumps of the score. Rachel won the fourth and fifth heats without a contest. General Zollicoffer was withdrawn, being in bad condition. This horse was once the property of the rebel General of that name, but is now owned by Dr. McCook, of this city, it having been presented to him by a friend. He was represented by the Doctor to be great on the "run"—as was also his old master—but in this a great many were deceived. He will require considerable more "Doctor-ing" before he can come up to time.

Second Day.—Thursday was the second of the races at Oakland Park, and a considerable number availed themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the amusement. At three o'clock a pacing race was to come off, for which there were but two entries—Smuggler and Sleepy Jim. The race is easily described, as the former won in three straight heats—time, 2:44; 2:43; 2:45. Sleepy Jim required a good deal of training before he can do anything with the Smuggler.

Another race is to come off this afternoon at half-past three o'clock, for which several entries have been made. I will give you the result next week. SPORT.

THE TRACK IN NEW HAVEN.—New Haven, Conn., May 28th.—FRIEND QUEEN: Hamilton Park has been opened this spring by the Hill Bros., who have already under way and nigh completion, buildings, etc., for a billiard room and ball alleys. Alfred presides over the eatable and drinkable department, while Eli still keeps the popular restaurant in Church street, where one can start right before leaving the city for the suburban resort; it is a fine place for a drive, and a good place to "tie up to," when you get there. The season's sport was inaugurated by a trot, on Wednesday afternoon last, for a purse of $100, best three out of five. As the weather was not over and above propitious, the attendance was not large. The score stands:—

HAMILTON PARK.—TROTTING.—Wednesday, May 28,—Purse, $100.—three in five, to harness.

George Nettleton's Lady Mack	1	1	1
Sam Langdon's Jack Harris	2	2	2

H. M. Robinson's —— won first heat, but being "indisposed" after the manner of the show folks, failed to come to time in the remaining heat.

Time—3:01; 3:02; 3:09.

THE TURF IN MASSACHUSETTS.—FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, Friday, May 30. Trotting for Prize No. 7, purse of $75, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. H. Bickford named rn g Rocky Mountain	1	2	1	1
Wm. Woodruff named ch m Maud	2	1	2	3
S. White named br m Fanny Bradbury	3	3	3	2

Time—2:43; 2:42½; 2:39; 2:38¼.

Prize No. 11, purse of $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

S. White named b g Bay Dick	1	1	2	1
R. L. Flanders named b g Old Man	3	2	1	2
W. Woodruff named b m St. Lawrence Maid	2	3	3	3

Time—2:54½; 2:50; 2:47¾; 2:51¼.

ABBEY RACE COURSE.—It is rumored in St. Louis that Charley Elleard is soon to fit up the Abbey Race Course in a style unknown before in St. Louis. He proposes to build a street railroad from Grand avenue to the track, thus making access easy and cheap. Charley has made a pile out of certain meat contracts with Uncle Samuel, and knows how to do things as well as any one; so that if he should do as proposed, the Abbey Course will have no equal West or South.

MOUND CITY RACE COURSE.—An association of gentlemen in St. Louis, under the name of the Mound City Club, have rented the Mound City Race Course, and give a race weekly. The horses are mostly local in their fame, and driven by gentlemen. Duncan Carter's horse (b. g.) John, has won most of the trotting matches there this season.

A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR HOSS.—An individual from Cincinnati, O., paid $500 for a Morgan horse, at Roscoe, O., the other day, to Pat Jones, and considered he had a bargain. Who says good horses are not good stock?

A KINGDOM FOR A "HOSS."—That price don't amount to shucks now-a-days for equine quadrupeds. We wonder what King Dick would have offered for Mr. J. W. Balch's horse, of Coshocton, O., who launches out in the annexed bold *deft*:—

A CHALLENGE.—I will walk my bay mare one hundred miles in twenty four hours, on a wager of one hundred to five hundred dollars. Challenge open until July 1, '62. She can beat the world. JOHN W. BALCH, Coshocton, O.

Any horse or mare that can beat the world, must be worth more than a kingdom, yea, more than a Southern Confederacy. Jeff Davis will give more than the latter price for a good "anamile" to skedaddle on, on his way to Mexico.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN TORONTO.
REVERE HOUSE BILLIARD ROOMS.
PHELAN'S TABLES,
Corner of King and York streets, Toronto.
J. B. RILEY, } Proprietors.
8-tf SAMUEL MAY, }

BILLIARDS IN DETROIT.
MAY'S BILLIARD ROOMS,
Under Fireman's Hall, next door to the Biddle House,
Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
8-tf SAMUEL MAY, Proprietor.

BILLIARDS.—DEERY AND GOLDTHWAITE MATCHED.—This announcement will be hailed with pleasure by all billiard devotees, particularly those of New York and Boston. It will be remembered that some weeks since, efforts were made to get on a match between Goldthwaite and Kavanagh, the latter offering odds, which were not accepted, and the matter was dropped. The late billiard tournament, however, gave an impetus to affairs, which resulted, a short time since, in a challenge being issued on behalf of Deery, which we here append:—

"CHALLENGE.—John Deery, of New York, hereby offers to play Wm. Goldthwaite, of Boston, two matches of billiards, for $250 a side each match. The game to be the four ball carom game, on one of Phelan's pocket tables, with 2¼ inch balls. One match to be played in Boston, and the other in New York."

This challenge was replied to in short order, stipulating, however, that each game should consist of 1500 points, and the date fixed for the first match is Tuesday, June 24; the second to be played eight weeks after. Both men, we understand, are now getting in fix, and both are confident of victory. That both affairs will be amicably decided, we have not the shadow of a doubt.

KAVANAGH VS. GOLDTHWAITE.—There appears to be some prospect of a match being played between these two billiard players, in addition to the one between the latter and Deery. Kavanagh has offered to discount Goldthwaite on certain conditions, we understand, which have been so far accepted as to lead to a deposit being made by Goldthwaite. The arrangements will be finally arranged, probably, during the coming week; if so, particulars will be given in the next issue of the CLIPPER.

KAVANAGH VS. FOLEY.—The third match between these men, which has been mutually postponed to November 6th, continues to be an interesting topic of conversation in billiard circles. Our readers will remember that it was arranged to take place in Buffalo, for $1,000 a side. Fox, of Rochester, and Deery, play a match at the same place, on the following day, at the three-ball French game, for $250 a side. Billiards are evidently in the ascendant, and the fall season promises to open lively.

BIG BILLIARDS.—The Utica *Telegraph* of May 30, re-publishes our article on this subject, which appeared in our last issue, and appends the following "own up" on Owens:—"As the Syracuse papers fail to confirm the truthfulness of our item, we plead guilty to the charge of endeavoring, innocently, to build up a reputation for Owens, at the expense of veracity. We got our cue for the item from a source now to us unknown, and thought we had scored a big count which would have a still further run through our exchanges. But the CLIPPER caromed on us, gave us a shot, and we pocket its contradiction with the conviction that Owens has been playing a game with outsiders. We hope our Syracuse cotemporaries will lay Owens, like a rejected communication, under the table, with no cushions to rest his "exhausted" reputation upon, and thus prevent him from getting ourself and others on a string hereafter."

We hope the *Telegraph* will not consider that our intention was to carom on it, for we disclaim any such idea. No, no, the CLIPPER would shake your "flipper" on that, Mr. Utica paper, and explain that we merely intended to expose what we suspected was a sell. Where did Owens run to after that "big run?"

WHEREABOUTS AND WHATABOUTS OF BILLIARD CELEBRITIES.

Mr. William Lake, the celebrated mace player, has retired to his cottage on Staten Island, where he occupies his time principally in cajoling the finny tribe from the briny deep. He is about erecting a billiard room, where, upon his private table, he will cater for the entertainment of his friends.

Philip Tieman is the proprietor of the International Billiard Saloon, in Cincinnati.

John Seereiter has a billiard Room in Detroit.

Michael Foley has a billiard room at 104 Bank street, Cleveland, Ohio.

William Goldthwaite, the promising young player, can be found at B. F. Wright & Co.'s Rooms, 2 Brattle street Boston.

Mr. C. Bird can be seen every pleasant afternoon tooling a fast nag on the fashionable thoroughfares of Chestnut and Broad streets, and every evening at his equally fashionable rooms, 609 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Louis Fox will be pleased to see his friends at his rooms in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Ralph Benjamin is proprietor of a hotel at the corner of South Third and Gaskel streets, Philadelphia.

M. Isadore Gayraud, when last heard from, was residing in New Orleans, La., where it is presumed he has already surrendered to the victorious army of Gen. Butler.

Victor Estephe is proprietor of a billiard saloon at the corner of Eighth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

Daniel Jackson resides in St. Louis. Mo.

Dudley Kavanagh, John Deery, Thomas T. Stone, John Cleveland, and Michael Geary, are all engaged in the billiard business in the city of New-York.

Lyman Higham, (the Albany Pony) when last heard from, was residing in London, England.

Daniel Lynch, Harry Eaton, W. Jamison, and M. Gallotte, are all residents of California.

M. Berger will visit London during the present summer, where he proposes to give *soirees de billiard* during the season of the Great Exhibition. We have recently received a letter from him, dated at Tours, in which he states that, owing to the great falling off of his American patronage, he has disposed of his billiard room in the Palais Royal at Paris.

The numerous friends of Mr. Phelan will be pleased to learn that we have received a telegraphic dispatch from San Francisco, in which he announces the safe arrival of himself and son in California, on the 19th of May. *Billiard Cue.*

BULLY FOR NEW YORK.—The steamship "New York," Captain Chisholm, on Wednesday, May 21, made the run from Windsor to St. John, touching at Parrsboro', in seven hours twenty-one minutes—the quickest time ever made.

CRICKET.

FANCY FLANNEL OUTSIDE SHIRTS.
FOR
BASE BALL AND CRICKET PLAYERS,
Always on hand and made to order,
5-4t* AT UNION ADAMS, NO. 637 BROADWAY.

CRICKET, ARCHERY, BASE BALL, and other Games. Implements for the above, such as BALLS, BATS, WICKETS, BASES, BOWS and ARROWS, TARGETS, BELTS, &c.; as well as Chessmen, Chequers, Bagatelles, Tivolis, Playing Cards, Dominoes, Dice and Cups, and a great variety of social games—constantly a good supply—on hand and for sale at moderate prices. ☞ Catalogues and prices can be had on application. A fair discount to dealers. C. F. A. HINRICHS,
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CRICKET, CRICKET, CRICKET.
The largest, best and cheapest stock of Cricket Implements in the United States, can be found at J. PARKER'S,
Germantown, Philad'a., Pa.
List of prices sent gratis. Laws of Cricket, 6 cents; or 50 cents per doz. Post paid. 5-8t*

CRICKET MATERIAL.—Individuals or Clubs wishing to procure Cricket or Base Ball Material of the best quality, at the most reasonable rates, can do so by addressing HARRY WRIGHT, St. George Cricket Ground, Hoboken. Price lists forwarded gratis. 4-tf

WILLOW VS NEW YORK.—These clubs played their first match together on Saturday, May 31st, on the Willow grounds, which adjoin the residence of Dr. Cooper, at Bedford, Long Island. It was the first regular contest of the season, and attracted considerable attention among the Long Island cricketers. The weather was very fair, and the ground was in excellent condition, Hammond having pitched a fine wicket. We noticed a number of the members of the St. George club, and of the various clubs of Long Island present; and a numerous delegation of the fair sex were spectators on the occasion. The arrangements connected with the match were excellent, seats being provided for lady visitors, and a handsome tent erected, in which the players took lunch, hospitably provided for them by the Willow club, Mr. Wild having charge of the same, and an excellent table he set before them, too, the viands being very choice. The game was commenced at 10:45, Sharp and Hudson going into the bowling of Hammond and Pearce. For a while the scoring was lively, but soon the bowling began to tell, Hudson being the first victim, his wicket falling for twelve, his score being five only. Higham followed, and he and Sharp kept well together for nearly an hour, running up the score to fifty-five before they were parted. Marsh and Bailliere took the places of Higham and Sharp, the latter of whom obtained the excellent score of 27, marked by 2 threes and 4 twos, all of which were the result of good batting against equally good bowling, both Hammond and Pearce being well on the wicket. Marsh's wicket, the 6th, fell for 107, his share being a well-made 18; Bailliere having previously retired for 13, in which were two capital drives. Each of these players gave chances for catches twice in their innings, but they were not taken. Sharp was beautifully caught out by Peerless, who also long stopped capitally. The other four wickets went down for less than 30 runs additional, the total score being 134, of which 97 were off the bat. At 3:25, the Willows went to the bat to offset this score, but their last wicket fell for a total of 60 runs only, 44 of which were off the bat. Hammond's 13, and C. Stokes' 10, were the only scores worthy of special remark, the bowling of Marsh being rather too strong for the batting; Bailliere, too, was very effective in his bowling, and troubled his opponents considerably, to keep their wickets up. The Willows being 60 less than their opponents, and the match being one day's play only, they followed their innings, but they were only enabled to sore 85, which they did with the loss of but 7 wickets, when the time for drawing stumps put an end to the game, the result being a victory for New York by the score of the first innings. Hammond run up the fine score of 57, "not out," in this innings; the way he punished the underhand bowling of Sharp, Tyler, and Upton, being a caution to that style of delivery; in fact he proved to the New Yorkers that that kind of bowling "was not the thing to do" against Hammond. The fielding on both sides was very good in several instances, especially in long-stopping and wicket-keeping; but in other respects the Willows showed the best play in the fielding department.

The game was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and a very good display of cricket. We have no doubt that, now that the Willows have tested the mettle of their opponents, they will enter into the return game with more confidence, and then it bids fair to be a very interesting match. On account of our going to press on Monday, we have been obliged to be brief in our report of this match, as we generally have to be on reports of games played on Saturday. We append the score in full:—

NEW YORK.—First Innings.

Sharp c Peerless b Hammond	24	Parkins b Hammond	0
Hudson b Pearce	5	Hall b C Stokes	4
Higham b Hammond	13	Upton not out	9
Marsh b C Stokes	18	McCoy b Hammond	0
Bailliere c Jolly b Pearce	13	Byes 18, leg byes 2, wides 17	37
J Stokes l b w b Hammond	3		
Tyler b C Stokes	6	Total	134

WILLOW.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Stokes b Bailliere	10	run out	6
Pearce b Marsh	7	c Tyler b Bailliere	3
Lindsay b Marsh	0		
Swift run out	1	c Marsh b Bailliere	3
Hammond c Higham b Marsh	13	not out	57
Henderson run out	1	b McCoy	2
Peerless b Bailliere	2	st Higham b Tyler	0
Strachan b Bailliere	0		
Terry b Bailliere	2		
Jolly not out	2	c Tyler b Bailliere	0
Torrance b Marsh	6	b Tyler	1
Byes 7, leg bye 1, wides 8	16	Byes 6, l b 2, wides 4, n b 1	13
Total	60	Total	85

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

WILLOW.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Hammond	209	39	14	5	8
Pearce	138	52	4	2	4
C. Stokes	66	6	7	3	5

NEW YORK.—First Innings.

Marsh	93	22	7	4	2
Bailliere	90	22	5	4	6

Second Innings.

Bailliere	72	16	3	3	3
Sharp	24	23	0	0	0
Tyler	24	17	1	2	0
Upton	18	13	0	0	0
McCoy	5	3	0	1	N. B. 1

Umpires—For New York, Mr. Crossley; for Willow, S. Wright.
Scorers—For New-York, Mr. Sadler; for Willow, Mr. Chadwick.
Time of game, exclusive of intermission, five hours and fifteen minutes. Play commenced at 10 45, A. M., and closed at 7, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA VS. NEW JERSEY.—The cricket match between the Chippewa club, of Philadelphia, and the United club, of Trenton, New Jersey, came off on Saturday, May 31st, upon the grounds of the latter club, at Trenton. As these clubs contain some of the best players of each State, the match was very interesting, and a very even one. Below we publish the score, also the analysis of bowling, furnished us by the president of the United, Mr. H. E. Laing:—

CHIPPEWA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lownes b Carpenter	8	l b w b Wright	1
Hurley b Carpenter	12	b Wright	9
Pratt c Plumb b Carpenter	3	b Carpenter	8
McBride c Wright b Lockwood	2	b Wright	0
Wallace b Carpenter	4	l b w b Carpenter	0
Costello b Carpenter	2	c Lockwood b Wright	5
Ryan A not out	2	c Katzenbach b Carpenter	10
McNally b Carpenter	0	b Carpenter	1
Malone b Carpenter	0	b Carpenter	6
Maybin c Bloom b Carpenter	1	b Carpenter	0
Ryan M c Burroughs b Carpenter	0	not out	0
Byes, &c	0	Byes	3
Total	34	Total	43

UNITED.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lockwood, l b w b Pratt	2	b McBride	1
Wright b McBride	1	b Pratt	4
Fitzgeorge b McBride	1	c Lownes b Pratt	0
Higbee not out	2	run out	2
Cowin b Pratt	1	c Lownes b Pratt	0
Bloom l b w b McBride	3	b McBride	13
Burroughs b Pratt	1	not out	10
Carpnt'r c Wallace b McBride	0	b McBride	0
Butterforce b Pratt	0	b Pratt	0
Katzenbach b Pratt	0	l b w b McBride	0
Harris b McBride	0	b Pratt	0
Byes 14, leg byes 3	17	Byes 15, leg byes 1, wide 1	17
Total	28	Total	47

RECAPITULATION.

Total number of runs made by Chippewa club.....77
" " " United club.....75

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

CHIPPEWA CLUB.—First Innings.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs.
Pratt	42	0	4	0	16
McBride	38	0	3	0	12

Second Innings.

Pratt	72	1	3	0	28
McBride	66	2	3	1	19

UNITED.—First Innings.

Carpenter	39	0	6	0	18
Lockwood	36	1	0	0	16

Second Innings.

Carpenter	60	0	4	0	20
Wright	60	1	2	0	23

We judge from the playing that the clubs are well matched. The fielding of each was good, while the bowling of Messrs. Pratt and McBride, of the Chippewa, and Mr. Carpenter, of the United, was excellent and much admired. The Chippewas won the game by two runs, carrying off the ball. They speak in the highest terms of the United, and of the friendship and hospitalities extended towards them while in Trenton, and can only look upon their visit there as one of pleasure.

CRICKET AT EAST NEW YORK.—Mr. R. C. Hall, of the Queen's County Club, and M. North, of the East New York, lately undertook to get up a contest between the junior cricketers of their respective localities, and preliminary arrangements having been perfected, the match came off on the cricket ground at East New York, on Saturday, May 24th, and a very lively and interesting, as well as a well-played game, it proved to be. Hudson, of the Queens County, and North, of the East New York, were the generals commanding the opposing forces on the occasion, and the material of their respective commands being thoroughly disciplined, they went in to their work in fine style, the result being a decidedly exciting and interesting trial of skill, and the verdict, according to the score, being given in favor of the East New York boys, whose total score exceeded that of their opponents by 27 runs. Of the play on the occasion, we have to say that in the batting department both sides played remarkably well in several instances, and the fielding of the majority was good, especially the long-stopping on the part of the East New York players. But the score gives full particulars, and to that we refer:— QUEENS COUNTY CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F. Dare b Pitman	10	b Pitman	12
Hale b Pitman	2	c and b Van Kuren	12
F. Spooner c and b Pitman	10	run out	
Suydam b Pitman	22	c Jewell b Van Kuren	0
Eldridge run out	32	b Pitman	6
Morris c Jewell b Pitman	3	b Pitman	2
Ward c and b Pitman	1	b Van Kuren	0
A. Spooner b Pitman	15	b Pitman	4
Bunting not out	1	b Van Kuren	12
E. Dare b Jewell	0	not out	8
Kimbee c Pitman b Jewell	3	b Pitman	2
Byes 2, wide 1	3	Byes 6 wide 1	7
Total	102	Total	71

EAST NEW YORK CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Van Kuren b Spooner	8	c Morris b Spooner	6
Attenbrandt b Suydam	0	st Hudson b Hale	18
North b Spooner	0	b Spooner	22
Pitman c and b Spooner	1	c Dare b Suydam	19
Jewell c Eldridge b Spooner	0	b Spooner	13
Ralph run out	22	b Spooner	3
Williams b Spooner	0	not out	0
Johnson b Suydam	0	b Hale	8
Tiernay b Spooner	11	c Hale b Spooner	0
Smither b Spooner	0	st Hudson b Spooner	19
Stanford b Spooner	3	b Suydam	1
Byes 14, wides 11, leg byes 3	28	Byes 17, wide 1	18
Total	73	Total	127

Umpires—Mr. Hall and Dr. Andrews.

EAST WILLIAMSBURGH VS. SATELLITE.—The first match this season between these clubs, will take place on the East Williamsburgh grounds, near Hadfield's Firework Factory, on Wednesday, June 11th. The Grand street stages that go to Middle Village pass near the grounds. It promises to be quite an interesting match.

DEATH OF A CRICKETER.—The members of the Long Island Club assembled in force on Sunday, June 1st, to pay their last respects to the remains of their late worthy President, Mr. Isaac S. Walker, who died at Fortress Monroe, the previous week, of typhoid fever. He was Captain in the 1st Regiment of United States Chasseurs, and has been in service nearly a year. His remains were taken to Greenwood cemetery for interment.

SCHENECTADY LIVE OAKS VS. UNION COLLEGE.—These clubs recently played a match which occupied four hours in playing nine innings. Doggett, of Union College, made the only home run. The College nine scored 39 to their opponents' 14. The score sent us is not made out in the proper form.

THE CRICKETERS RETURNED FROM AUSTRALIA.—The All England Eleven, whose trip to Australia for the purpose of playing matches against twenty-twos, has resulted so successfully in a pecuniary and every other point of view, arrived in England on May 12th, where they met with a hearty welcome home, at the hands of their fellow-cricketers. They have returned just in time to take part in the important matches of the present season, which promises to be of the most brilliant description. We envy our trans-Atlantic brethren somewhat in their prospects for sport during 1862; but all we can do at the present writing is to hope for the best. When the war is over, however, things will take a more lively turn, and then, stand from under.

BALL PLAY.

VISITING BALL PLAYERS FROM PHILADELPHIA.—We had the pleasure last week of receiving a letter from Col. D. E. Moore, of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, announcing the intentions of himself and a party of players from the Olympic, Athletic, and Adriatic clubs, of that city, to visit New York for the purpose of making the acquaintance of the ball players of Gotham and its vicinity, and also to "learn the game," as he very modestly wrote, and get initiated in the "fine points" of the game, such as are practiced by our leading clubs of New York and Brooklyn. We replied to this letter in effect, that though the notice of their coming was somewhat brief, we had no doubt that their reception would be fully in accordance with the well known hospitality of New Yorkers, and especially of the ball playing fraternity, and if we mistake not, before the week is out the Philadelphians will be fully impressed with the fact that our ball players "are just the very best set of fellows there are going." The arrangements for the reception of the Philadelphians are about as follows: On Monday, June 2d, they were to play with a select nine of the Newark and Eureka clubs, on the grounds of the former, on Court and High streets, Newark. On Tuesday, they play a match with a nine selected from the Gotham, Eagle, and Knickerbocker clubs, on the Gotham grounds at Hoboken. On Wednesday, they are to play a match with a nine selected from the Western District clubs of Brooklyn, on the Star Grounds, South Brooklyn; and on Thursday, with a nine chosen from the clubs of the Eastern District. By that time they will be well posted up in the "points" of the game; and, if we mistake not, especially in that point that is elicited by the practice of tendering balls to the victors in a match, in a way that shows how creditably a not over pleasant duty can be discharged by a party of gentlemanly ball players. The series of games that are to be played this week by the Philadelphians will be deeply interesting, and we shall devote more space than usual to giving full details of each match. As we go to press on Monday night we shall have to refer our readers to our next issue for the reports of the games played. The following is a list of the Philadelphia nine:—Messrs. Moore, Pratt, Paul, Richards, Anspach, Bomeisler, Johnston, Loughery, and Crosdale. The names of the nine selected to do battle for the honor of New York and Brooklyn, are as follows:—Eagle—Yates, Slate, Howe; Gotham—McKeever, Cohen, Van Colt; Knickerbocker—H. Wright, Avery and Davis.

BASE BALL IN THE BRITISH PROVINCES.—We are pleased to notice the organization of the first ball club in the province of New Brunswick, in the town of Moncton, on the 19th ult. It is called the Moncton Base Ball Club, and numbers twenty-one members. The officers are elected on the first of each month. The following are the officers for May:—President, E. S. Crafts; Vice President, T. R. Tuttle; Secretary, D. M. McLellan; Treasurer, W. L. Bowser; Directors—G. H. Brown, W. G. Robertson, and C. E. Ritchie; Steward, E. Record. The regular practice mornings are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at five o'clock. This club has adopted the New England Base Ball Rules.

ATHLETIC BASE BALL CLUB.—Philadelphia, May 30, 1862.—MR. EDITOR: At a Special Meeting of the Athletic Base Ball Club, held 29th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the article in the NEW YORK CLIPPER, of May 31st, signed "Justitia," meets the entire disapprobation of the Athletic Club, and that it contains statements which are discourteous and untrue, both in reference to the Olympic Club, and to Mr. R. F. Stevens, the umpire alluded to.

Resolved, That this club disavows the entire article, and that it is the desire of every member to cultivate the most friendly relations with other clubs.

Resolved, That we have the highest respect and esteem for Mr. R. F. Stevens, who is President of the Adriatic Club, and a gentleman in the most elevated sense of that word.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent to Mr. R. F. Stevens, to the Olympic Ball Club, and to the NEW YORK CLIPPER. THOMAS FITZGERALD, President.

Attest, R. W. BENSON, Secretary of Athletic Base Ball Club.

BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*.—In this week's edition I observed a communication signed "Justitia," in

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EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

YACHTING REFLECTIONS.

IT is not many years since those who were interested in Yachting affairs could almost enumerate the entire squadron of pleasure craft owned in the United States. Then, the yachts belonging to the gentlemen of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, etc., were familiarly known to all amateurs of yachting. Now, the case is far different; the increase and influence of the "New York Yacht Club" has given a tone and impetus to yachting recreation in every locality. Clubs, owning vessels of large and small dimensions, are found in every haven of our land. Inland places, and the harbors of our magnificent lakes, as well as the river towns and villages, attest and give practical evidence of our assertion.

The celebrated schooner yacht "Wave," belonging to Mr. Stevens, was, in her day, one of the swiftest-sailing, and most beautifully modeled yachts in American waters; she acquired fame in New York and other cities, whenever she had an opportunity to display her admirable qualities. Her visit to Boston, and trials of speed with the pet yacht of the Bostonians, the "Northern Light," are doubtless well remembered by many of our readers. The "Onkahye," also schooner rigged, was, we believe, Mr. Stevens's next yacht, the "Wave" having been sold to the United States Government. We are not familiar with the "Onkahye's" performances, but do not think she gained the renown which was won by the "Wave."

Our New York pilot boats have contributed greatly, in an indirect manner, to cultivate a love for yachting. For beauty of model, speed, and sea-going qualities, there are no pilot boats in the world to be compared to them; in fact, they are almost pleasure yachts, with spars, canvas, and rig, for more boisterous and rougher duties. They have frequently visited Europe, and a number of them have been sold to the Government, and converted into miniature men-of-war; as representatives of Uncle Sam they have accompanied his line-of-battle ships and frigates, as gallant little "Tenders"—displaying their bunting in the most distant regions of the globe.

The "Washington," although one of the "old time" boats, was for many years the crack sailer of the fleet, and had the "nack" of displaying her handsome round stern to all competitors. In the hey-day of her fame, she visited Boston, and gained fresh laurels in the waters of the "old Bay State," by defeating their crack pilot boats, such as the "Hornet," "Boston," etc., etc. The New York pilot boats of the present day number many vessels of superb model and extraordinary speed. Several of them, like the "George Steers," are beautiful specimens of the skill, genius and handicraft of him who gave to the world such specimens of naval architecture as the "Niagara," "Adriatic," etc., and on a lesser scale, the "America," "Julia," and "Una."

The custom of yachting is rapidly becoming the rage, and those who have the means of enjoying this delightful luxury, find in the sport that recreative and healthy compensation which is afforded by no other out-door pastime. Much, however, remains to be done before it is brought to that high standard at which it is maintained in Great Britain. In our country there is too much indulgence in smooth-water or harbor sailing. Our countrymen seek rather the pleasure of a few hours, or at most a few days "trip," than the excitement of a month or two at sea. This is a defect which should be overcome as soon as possible. We have a fleet that is unrivaled in the world for its splendid models; a stretch of seaboard and harbor unsurpassed—and a climate and sea breeze admirably adapted for initiatory yachting excursions. Why, then, should not American yachtmen grasp the golden prize that lies at their very doors, and seize the opportunity of making the American yachting marine famous?

AMERICAN CHESS MAGAZINE REPUDIATION.—"*Mr. Editor:*—Let me ask you to record one of the shabbiest instances of loafing and debt repudiation possible, in a small way, just come off in Yankee land. In the beginning of last year, I, in common with other subscribers, paid my three dollars in advance for the *American Magazine* for the current year; such being the custom in the United States, as in France and other countries. After the first few months of 1861 the publication stopped altogether, and it was merely announced that it was necessarily suspended on account of the civil war, but that when resumed, subscribers should receive extra numbers to make up for what they had paid! I have since applied through the London agents to the publishing place at New York; but, '*vivat regina*, no dollars returned' is too truly their reply. Now, Mr. Editor, I venture to say there is not a London publisher of any decent standing who would thus coolly 'slope' with subscriptions. If the pressure of hard times sent him to the wall, he would at least have paid his creditors an instalment. I am equally surprised as disgusted at the whole affair, and as a straw thrown up shows which way the wind blows, would have my English friends holding any description of Yankee bonds or debentures, look for a grand carrying out of the American sacred principle of repudiation, when the gallant Southerners have pushed them a little harder. I send my name.

Yours, &c., VICTIM.

[We personally lost our dollars in the same cause, but have taken it lightly, for we differ altogether in one respect with our correspondent. He, with some simplicity, owns he is 'surprised,' now we are not surprised at all.—CHESS EDITOR.]—*Bell's Life.*"

All very well, Mr. Walker, but see how easily we can drive you to the wall, for the publisher of the defunct Chess Magazine alluded to, *is an Englishman! pure and simple*, without a drop of Yankee blood in his veins. Our English friends, especially since this war commenced, are very apt to draw their conclusions from wrong premises, and attribute anything of a villainous character to that poor devil, the Yankee. But, in this Magazine business, we have John Bull where his hair is short, and fasten his charge of "American repudiation" where it properly belongs, on the shoulders of an Englishman! When this same Chess Magazine was in its infancy, we condemned the mode upon which it was being conducted, and predicted its early decease. The publisher, a well-meaning sort of man, allowed himself to be governed by a clique of snobs, who eventually dragged him down with themselves. Our victimised friends on the other side will please set down their loss account to an *English* "sacred principle of repudiation," instead of to a Yankee scheme.

DEATH OF A GYMNAST.—Among those killed at the battle of Williamsburg, was a young man named Beach, formerly connected with the late Gustavus Ratz in the management of a gymnasium in this city. Ratz was accidentally drowned, in the summer of 1860, and Beach was killed while gallantly fighting in defence of the Union.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER EIGHT.

SIGHT-SEEING ABOUT LONDON.

NED JAMES COMPARES NOTES WITH "TOM QUICK," ESQ.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, near Birmingham, May 6th.

The last time I was in John C. Heenan's company—at the "Wool Pack," a quiet little hotel in Moor street, Birmingham, next door to the town prison—among other matters talked over was the perplexing query—"Who in thunder is Tom Quick?" But, like so many others who have argued the point over and over again, we couldn't locate T. Q. at all, unless it is the veritable John C. himself; whether we were right or not, of course none but the privileged "Leader" *corps* can say for certain. This puts me me in mind of a "blast" from the Old Sport" in the *Leader* of February 8, and as I am called upon to show my hand, it is due to old age that I should do so, presuming that Mr. Q. is one of the "old boys," instead of a smart looking gentleman with an elegant moustache. I will just quote the ancient and worthy gentleman's experience. It reads thus:

"I have passed under Temple Bar, paid my fees to the Tower beef-eaters, looked at the moat, stood in Walter Raleigh's cell, looked solemn in Westminster, and laughed at Punch and Judy. I took off my hat, as an Old Sport should do, to the Queen, (not Frank) and breakfasted in royal company in Haymarket. Admired the Life Guards and winked at the dress lodgers; did a masquerade at Vauxhall, and danced in Piccadilly; rolled tenpins with Tom Spring, and have blown a cloud with Jem Burn and his pets. Was with Johnny Broome in a free fight, and with Johnny Walker lathered my way out of it. Have strolled in Hyde Park with Jerry Noon, drank ale with Old Nat, and have coaxed Jem Ward to visit America. Did a bit of sparring with Mat Robinson, (the best man in England, now dead) saw Flying Dutchman win the Derby, and all the pigeons go up; have lunched at Street's Prince Albert tavern; heard Rosa Spiller sing, and 'got in the surf' on sweet gin. In fact, I know the cockney town to a zig-zag, etc., etc."

Pretty fair, Captain Quick! Now let us see whether the young sport has followed in the tracks of his illustrious predecessor. You have passed under Temple Bar, paid your fees to the Tower beef-eaters, stood in Walter Raleigh's cell, looked solemn in Westminster, and laughed at Punch and Judy; so have I. Where you only passed under the Bar, I allowed a cockney Figaro to shave and shampoo me for seven-pence-ha'-penny in a little shop inside Temple Bar; after groping my way in and out of Raleigh's cell, (the walls of which are 14 inches thick, and here he slept 12 years) examined some Scripture quotations said to have been carved by Sir Walter himself, during his long imprisonment; saw the crown jewels, armorial rooms, and all over the Tower; laid my head on an executioner's block, and felt the dents made by the axe that beheaded three English lords; handled a pair of thumb-screws, and gazed with horror at the many instruments of torture there; stood on the spot where Anne Bolyn was executed; had a glimpse of the white cloak General Wolfe died in, also a coat belonging to the late Duke of Wellington; soliloquized over murderous-looking guns captured from the Sikhs, Chinese, and Indians; walked over what used to be the Moat, now high and dry, and saw a Spanish suit of armor two thousand years old, together with hundreds of other rare antiquities. Have caught cold in Westminster, and profanely sneezed there; been highly amused with Punch and Judy, and coaxed by the Benicia Boy to take one to New-York, but whether practicable or not is a mooted point, because some of the b'hoys might "raise hob" with it—guess I shan't do it under the circumstances.

I never had the honor of lifting my hat to the Queen, breakfasting in Haymarket, winking at the dress lodgers, masquerading at Vauxhall, dancing in Piccadilly, nor rolling ten-pins with Tom Spring. In lieu of these, though disappointed in seeing little Vic, the model queen, have waited ten hours to do so, and just got a glimpse of her seven royal carriages, as they passed like a streak of lightning through Birmingham on the way to Balmoral, Scotland, at half-past ten P. M. Don't make a practice of shutting one eye to any lodgers, whether dressed or undressed—either close both or neither one, as a member of the church should do. Might have masqueraded in Vauxhall and danced in Piccadilly, but didn't fancy any—feel more at ease in Tammany, Monroe Hall, or the Apollo, in New-York, to any of the gorgeous casinos of London. Taken many a nip at Tom Spring's old house, the Castle, in Holborn, near Weston's Music Hall, though never rolled ten-pins with him, because poor Tom was a-cold long before I dreamed of coming to Hold Hingland. In this respect I'm inclined to envy you, Mr. Quick. As to Jem Burn, he and I are great cronies, and when back, I shall be happy to show you the fine picture he gave me, with autograph attached.

Was neither unfortunate enough to get in a free fight with Jack Broome, nor hadn't the work of lathering my way out with Johnny Walker—the former having gone to his last account many years ago, the latter keeping out of miscellaneous scrimmages, or he could never command the respect he does; you would be surprised to see how changed Badman (Johnny's right name) is looking; he is enough like the lamented Little Giant, Douglass, to be a twin brother. Talking about musses, I came within an ace of getting into a lively scrape with Jem Mace about four weeks back, because of a little sketch of his drum, which was copied from the CLIPPER into the *Sporting Life*; but for Moss Phillips, Charley Westhall, Harry Reed, and some others, Jem might have given me an unsolicited lesson in the manly art, and handled me without gloves; luckily, discretion got the better of valor, or the papers would have had a little item on the subject, something in this style: "Exciting turn-up between the Champion of England and the CLIPPER's Cabin Boy—rumor of a fresh match for £200 and the Belt(ing)—probability of Mr. Jeames taking the latter back to America!" Rather interesting, wasn't it! But if California John had been here then, there might something have come out of it.

About Jerry Noon, Nat Langham, and Jem Ward, I hardly think you can be on more sociable terms than myself—no matter when I call in either at Old Nat's or the Painter Pugilist's, their private parlors are always thrown open, the best in the house is hardly good enough, and we talk, sing, laugh, and joke like Tammany Sachems after business hours. No, no, Tom, you may perhaps know Jerry Noon better than I, but not the other two; in this no disrespect is intended, Old Veteran, and if you thought so before my apology, why, it's more than a youngster like the writer anticipated, that's all. It's of no use to expect Mr. Ward to run over and see you, as, though he feels young enough himself, a man of sixty-one cannot be considered in a proper state to make a tour of America: I only wish he could be induced to do so, for a better man, "take him for all in all," never lived, and he would be received with the same enthusiasm as Heenan is in this country. Charge your glass, Mr. Quick and Co., while I give as a toast, "The long life, prosperity, and health of Mr. and Mrs. James Ward, and their handsome daughter, Eleanor!" Now, three cheers for 'em! Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!! Ti-gar-r-r!

Perhaps I too, may see somebody win the Derby and the pigeons go up, if things work right. I should indeed be very happy to lunch at Street's and take a little 'alf-and-'alf at Spillman's out of Tom Quick's pewter mug, had you specified whar to find 'em; as it is, it won't do to promise too much. It wasn't George Rowley sent that paper, but "some other man," whose modesty will not permit his name to be known—so small an item wouldn't have been mentioned had you not asked the question. Now allow me to run over the men and other objects of interest I have seen since the "first epistle to Tom Quick" was printed in the CLIPPER and copied in the *Leader*.

Dined with Henry Moir Feist, Esq., of the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Telegraph*, at his country seat, West Croydon, five or six miles beyond Sydenham, where the last Crystal Palace stands; been out with little Jack Macdonald on the road behind a three-mile trotter, and passed everything on wheels for fourteen miles—afterwards enjoyed a capital dinner at his residence just off the Bow Road, London; got almost "in the surf" at a champagne supper given by Messrs. Tallis and Maddick at the Dr. Johnson Tavern, Fetter Lane, in honor of the extraordinary success of their young offspring, the *Illustrated Sporting News*; and last, though by no means least, have eaten mutton chops, poached eggs, and fixings at the New York Hotel, Leicester Square, with John C. Heenan, James H., Jack Macdonald, Billy Armstrong, Beirel Reynolds, a live lord, and several more to the subscriber unknown—afterwards drank wine with the same party and Messrs. Newcombe, Burton, Penley, and Filliman; these are a few of the invitations accepted, although receiving over a dozen others. Spent many an hour in the House of Commons, British Museum, National Gallery, India Museum, Westminster Abbey, Exeter Hall, Weston's, Drury Lane, the Oxford Music Hall, etc. Heard a trial at the Cider Cellars by judge and jury—subject, the Windham Lunacy Case, and composed one of said jury. Walked under the Thames, and listened to "Yankee Doodle" in the Tunnel, played on a cornet. Been up the London Monument in a gale, when the old concern rocked to and fro like Bowers' chimney—stayed long enough to carve two American flags, an eagle, shield, and autograph, with a jack-knife bought of Original Jacobs, in Broadway. Visited Tattersalls on a Monday, and stood under the Marble Arch in Oxford street and Triumphal Arch at Hyde Park Corner while the Life Guards rode past. Drank stout with Dave Wambold, Billy Collins, Bob Fuller, Fred Lillywhite, Ben Caunt, Jr., Mike Madden, Dan Collins, Jemmy Shaw and his son Billy, Harry Brunton, Young Gollagher, Lynch, the American, Bob Brettle, Harry Lane, Ben Terry, Joe Goss, Jack Rooke, Bodger Crutchley, Dan Thomas, the Tipton Slasher, Bob Travers, Moss Phillips, Alec Reed, etc.; sipped sherry and bitters with Jem Ward, Peter Crawley, Charley Westhall, Harry Reed, Old Nat, Tom King, Horace St. John, Pullen the artist, etc.; and quaffed champagne in the company of poets, authors, actors, and turfmen. Was introduced to Deerfoot, Teddy Mills, Tom White, Brighton, Lang, Jesse Smith, Miles, Spooner, Jackson, the American Deer, and all the celebrated English peds. Called to see John Roberts, Billiard Champion; Baily, of the *Turf Magazine*; Wallet, the Queen's Jester; Howes, the circus man; F. L. D., running referee; Harry Crouste, Yankee clown; Rev. Newman Hall, friend of America; Spurgeon, sensation parson; Dick Weaver, converted collier and pugilist, now turned preacher, with a dozen others I cannot think of now. Was presented with dress circle ticket to St. James Hall, by Miss Eleanor Ward, eminent pianist, and became electrified with her wonderful playing; same evening heard Carl Formes, Joseph Hines (a second Paganini), Md'lle Cruvelli, Susanna Coles, M. Benedict, and the Misses Hiller. Have received over fifty of the leading sports' photographs with dedication accompanying the same in their own handwriting, and quite a number from other celebrities.

These now are only a few of the places visited and acquaintances made since last October, and if Tom Quick doesn't consider this pretty fair for a beardless youth—why, he's a different man from what I took him to be, that's all.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER EIGHT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

SUSAN DENIN.

BORN in Lombard street, Philadelphia, March 22d, 1835. Her father died very soon after she had reached the age of seven years. Thrown entirely on her own resources, Mrs. Denin struggled heroically to give her children the advantages of education. Among other means of livelihood which she at this time adopted, was that of making theatrical dresses, and in this way becoming acquainted with persons connected with the profession, and with the view of adding to her scanty store, she was induced to let Susan appear as Rolla's Child, in "Pizarro," and afterwards, in conjunction with her sister Kate, as dancing fairies in "The King of the Mist." This was at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Messrs. Wemyss and Oxley. During this time they were kept steadily at school, first with Miss De Silver, afterwards with Mrs. Hastings, to whose excellent instructions is doubtless owing much of the thirst for knowledge and desire for information she evinced in late years.

About this time Mrs. Denin became acquainted with Mr. John Winans, the well known and popular comedian, to whom she was eighteen months afterwards united in marriage, Miss Denin being then nine years of age. Mr. Winans was at once struck with the dawning genius of Susan and Kate, and applied himself unremittingly to its development and improvement, and to his exertions is doubtless owing in a great measure the professional position now held by both sisters.

Their next engagement was at the Chatham Theatre, (now the National), New York, from which time may be dated the rise which has since attended them in their arduous profession. Miss Susan, for the first time, attempted a speaking part, that of the Duke of York, in the burlesque of "Richard the Third;" this was soon followed by the beautiful part of Prince Arthur, in "King John," with the veteran Booth. After some time spent at this establishment, she went West with her sister, and played in the principal towns and cities with success. She returned to New York, and opened at the Park Theatre, as Prince Arthur, in conjunction with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean, and so pleased and astonished them, as to secure for herself and sister an immediate engagement.

Upon the failure of the Park Theatre, the sisters were immediately transferred to the Bowery, where for the space of three years the subject of our sketch labored unremittingly in her profession.

On the 28th of March, 1853, she was married to Mr. F. Woodward, at Syracuse; was divorced and married to Harry Huntingdon, a member of George Christy's Minstrels of New York, who died a short time since.

Sailed for California, March 4th, 1854; made her first appearance in San Francisco, April 10th, in "Love's Sacrifice." In January, 1856, received a "Grand Complimentary Benefit" at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, which realized $5000. At present playing "star" engagements through the country.

KATE DENIN.

BORN in Lombard street, Philadelphia, in 1837; made her first appearance on any stage, as one of the dancing fairies, in a play called "The King of the Mist," at the National Theatre, Philadelphia. During this time she attended school regularly. Shortly after, she made her appearance at the Chatham Theatre, New York. At the close of her engagement at this theatre, she, in company with her sister Susan, went on a starring tour out West, visiting nearly all the principal cities and towns, and meeting with unbounded success.

On the 3d of March, 1854, was married to Mr. C. K. Fox, in the green-room of the Troy, N. Y. Museum; the next day she sailed for California, making her first appearance in San Francisco, April 10th, 1854, in "Love's Sacrifice."

Was afterwards married to Mr. S. Ryan. Is at present performing at the New Bowery, New York.

JOHN COLLINS.

BORN in Dublin, Ireland, September, 1801, and is the oldest son of John Collins, for many years proprietor of the Lucan Spa House, near Dublin. At the age of eighteen, Mr. Collins went to London, and having a fine voice, studied for the Stage. After a short period he returned to Ireland, and made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, under Colcraft's management, as first tenor in English and foreign opera. On his return to London he was engaged at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, as first tenor, and opened there in the "Beggar's Opera," as Captain McHeath; and when Osbaldiston took the Covent Garden Theatre, he engaged Mr. Collins to play the part of Paul Clifford, in the opera of that name, which had a run of two seasons, being one of the greatest hits on the record of that establishment. Returning to the Haymarket, under Webster's management, Mr. Collins was prevailed upon by a friend to try an Irish character, which he did at the Surrey Theatre, Tyrone Power playing the same farce that evening at the Haymarket. So great was Mr. Collin's success that he was advised by the manager to adopt that line of business, which he did shortly after, appearing in all the leading Irish characters, in the principal theatres in England, Ireland and Scotland. About two years after the death of poor Power, Mr. Collins was engaged by Mr. Simpson, of the Park Theatre, New York, for twelve nights; and August 17th, 1846, he made his first appearance on the American stage, as McShane, in "The Nervous Man." So great was his success that he was immediately engaged in all the principal theatres in the United States, where he has resided up to the present day. His family reside in Philadelphia. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, August 31st, 1846, as McShane, in "The Nervous Man," and Teddy Maloney, in "Teddy the Tiler." Mr. Collins excels only in the "gentlemanly" Irish characters; in those of a lower grade he is surpassed by several in the profession.

MISS EMERY—MRS. BURROUGHS.

BORN in London; made her first appearance on any stage, at the Surrey Theatre, London, in 1827; made her first appearance on the American stage, October 31st, 1827, at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Belvidera, in "Venice Preserved;" first appeared in New York at the Park Theatre.

The English press pronounced her "the actress of the day." For a while she drew crowded houses, and her acting elicited the warmest encomiums of the New York press. In a short time her popularity began to wane, until finally she could obtain no engagements at any of the city theatres, and even the country theatres found her no longer a paying card. Her elegant home was taken from her, and her furniture sold at auction, and she was obliged to sell her valuable wardrobe, and then quit the stage.

She was so poor that she was obliged to hire a "garret" room, in the house of a poor family in Anthony street, and was frequently found in Theatre Alley, back of the old Park Theatre, begging a few shillings from the actors. She at last took up her lodgings at the Five Points—among the lowest dens of prostitution to be found in this city—this was in the year 1832.

One day she had a quarrel with a drunken neighbor—and shortly afterwards the woman with whom she quarreled secured the services of two other drunkards and prostitutes—entered the yard, and commenced a brutal assault upon the actress while she was sleeping. After having forced her into the street, she staggered towards the Market house, and laid down and died. A cart was soon procured, and she was carried off to the Bellevue Hospital.

Miss Emery was a woman of unusual size—the largest woman ever seen on the American stage; with a voice of great strength and force, and capable at times of much melody and even sweetness. Her face was heavy and masculine, but very expressive, and her eye had a most bewitching and telling influence not only on her audience, but also on the actors who were playing with her.

She was married to a gentleman by the name of Burroughs.

MRS. FRANK GRAHAM.

BORN in Liverpool, England, June 16, 1842; her maiden name was Conway.

Her family emigrated to America in the year 1857. Her mother died during the voyage, and was buried in the dark waters of the Gulf of Mexico. A few years after, her father was taken from her. He left a large family, and their resources being small, our heroine, (now orphan'd) not wishing to be a burthen to her brothers and sisters, determined to try her fortune on the stage. She made her first appearance at the St. Louis Theatre, February 18th, 1857, (then under the management of Dr. Atkinson) in the character of Sally, in the "Eaton Boy." She was immediately engaged at that establishment, for the "second chambermaid," and that veteran actor, G. G. Cartlick, (who was then stage manager) perceiving her capabilities, did everything in his power to assist her in obtaining a position in her adopted profession. Since then her rise has been rapid, she having played engagements as "first chambermaid" in the majority of the Western and Southern States.

In 1858 she married Mr. Frank Graham, the well known "eccentric comedian." The union has proved a happy one.

Possessing, as she does, a handsome face and figure, with energy and perseverance, Mrs. Frank Graham bids fair to become a bright light in the histrionic profession.

GOOD SIGNS.—At Salt Lake there is one Dramatic Association already popular, and another now forming. Perhaps we may call this a revival of the ancient "Attic salt," as both meet in "top lofts."

FOOT RACE IN COLORADO.—A foot race took place at Central City on the 6th inst., between Carter and an Unknown. The distance was one hundred and twenty yards, and Carter won by three feet.

THE BRITISH TURF.

RACES FOR ONE AND TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.—This, one of the first important meetings of the turf season in Great Britain, is said to have been an excellent one for sport, and to have outvied all its predecessors. As the interest taken by Americans in trans-Atlantic turf affairs, is elicited chiefly by the fact that one of our own countrymen, Ten Broeck, takes a leading and active part in them, it were all but useless for us to publish minor events in which his animals have not taken part. In this meeting he appears to have had more than average success, having won three out of eight races, and secured second place once, the summaries of which we here proceed to give, in the order in which they occurred, including the two principal events of the meeting, namely, the One and Two Thousand Guineas races, the result of which was announced in last week's CLIPPER.

TUESDAY, May 6.—MATCH: 200, h ft; T.M.M.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Amy, by Kingston—Desdemona, 4 yrs, 8st.....G Fordham 1
Lord Wilton's West End, by West Australian—Lady Evelyn, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb.....S Rogers 2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Amy, who made play throughout, and won after a fine race, by a head.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three year olds; colts, 8st 10lb, and fillies, 8st 7lb., out of mares which have never bred a winner; D. M. (7 fur. 210 yards). 3 subs.

Lord Chesterfield's c by Longbow—Flyaway.....w. o.

MATCH: £150; 50 ft; 8st 7lb each; T. Y. C.

Mr Craven's Woman in Red, 5 yrs.....received
Mr Ten Broeck's Olive Branch, 3 yrs.....paid

SAME DAY.—The Two Thousand guineas stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 5lb; the owner of the second to receive back his stake; R. M. (1 mile 17 yards). 70 subs.

Mr S Hawke's The Marquis, by Stockwell—Cinizelli, 8 st 10lb.....Ashmall 1
Mr R C Naylor's Caterer, by Stockwell—Selina, 8st 10lb.....Challoner 2
Mr R Sutton's Nottingham, by Kingston—Athol Brose, 8st 10lb.....Goater †
Lord Glasgow's c by Stockwell, dam by Orlando—Brown Bess 8st 10lb.....Aldcroft †
Lord Anglesey's Brazenose, 8st 10lb.....Grimshaw 0
Lord Coventry's Balder, 8st 10lb.....J. Adams 0
Mr W Day's Alvediston, 8st 10lb.....Fordham 0
Lord Glasgow's c by Barbatus—Clarissa, 8st 10lb. ..J. Osborne 0
Mr Gratwicke's Instructor, 8st 10lb.....H Bell 0
Baron Rothschild's Wingrave, 8st 10lb.....Wells 0
Mr Saville's Buckenham, 8st 10lb.....Edwards 0
Lord Stamford's Lacydes, 8st 10lb.....Ropor 0
Mr Thomas's Brighton, 8st 10lb.....Custance 0
Colonel Towneley's Cellarius, 8st 10lb.....Bullock 0
Colonel Towneley's Hubert, 8st 10lb.....J Snowden 0
Lord Uxbridge's Laughing Stock, 8st 10lb.....S Rogers 0
Mr T Valentine's Carisbrook, 8st 10lb.....Cresswell 0

Lord Glasgow declared to win with the Stockwell colt.

Betting, 5 to 1 each agst Alvediston and the Stockwell colt, 11 to 2 each agst Marquis and Nottingham, 7 to 1 agst Caterer, 8 to 1 agst Wingrave, 30 to 1 agst Brighton, 50 to 1 each agst Balder, Carisbrook, and Laughing Stock, and 50 to 1 agst Colonel Towneley's two, 100 to 3 each agst Buckingham and the Clarissa Colt, 50 to 1 agst Instructor. After several failures, precisely at thirty minutes past three, the flag fell to a good start, Cellarius, Nottingham, Laughing Stock, Alvediston, and Wingrave, forming the front rank, the others lying in tolerably close order. Little change occurred until approaching the bushes, where Alvediston, Wingrave, Laughing Stock, and Cellarius were beaten. The lead was then taken by Nottingham, with the Marquis, Caterer, and the Stockwell colt almost abreast, close up, and nearly level with him. About half way up the hill, Nottingham compounded, and The Marquis and Caterer came out, the former having the best of it all the way home, and ultimately winning rather cleverly by half a length; Nottingham and the Stockwell colt, who finished half a length behind Caterer, ran a dead heat for third place; Hubert was fifth, and Clarrisa colt sixth, and Cellarius seventh; the others were all pulling up as they passed the post. Alvediston was absolutely last. Nett value of the stakes, £4,150.

WEDNESDAY, May 7.—The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 150 sovs each, h ft, and 25 if declared, to go to the second; four year olds; colts, 8st 9lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; certain allowances; Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards). 7 subs.

Mr R Ten Broeck's Evenhand, by Mildew—Contraction, 8st 2lb.....G Fordham w.o.

THURSDAY, May 8.—The One Thousand Guineas Stakes, a subscription of 100 sovs each, h ft, for three year old fillies, 8st 10lb each; the owner of the second to receive back his stake; D.M. (7 fur. 210 yards). 49 subs.

Mr T Valentine's Hurricane, by Wild Dayrel—Midia, 8st 10lb.....Ashmall 1
Lord Stamford's Bertha, by Stockwell—Princess, 8 st 10 lb.....Edwards 2
Lord Coventry's Sappho, by Kingston—Sacrifice, 8st 10lb.....Custance 3
Mr R Ten Broeck's Olive Branch, 8st 10lb.....Fordham 0
Lord Glasgow's f by Young Melbourne—Maid of Masham, 8st 10lb.....Aldcroft 0
Mr Greville's Queen Elizabeth, 8st 10lb.....J Goater 0
Sir J Hawley's Salamanca, 8st 10lb.....Wells 0
Mr Honeywood's Ethel, 8st 10lb.....Osborne 0
Mr Naylor's Cantiniere, 8st 10lb.....Challoner 0
Colonel Towneley's Imperatrice, 8st 10lb.....J Snowden 0
Captain White's Jung Frau, 8st 10lb.....S Rogers 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Imperatice, 3 to 1 agst Bertha, 5 to 1 agst Hurricane, 11 to 2 agst Ethel, 100 to 12 agst Jung Frau, 100 to 8 agst Sappho, 100 to 7 agst Salamanca, 100 to 3 each agst Olive Branch and the Maid of Masham filly. Precisely at seven minutes past three the flag was lowered to a good start, all being well together, the cherry jacket of Sir Joseph Hawley appearing to have a slight lead, with Bertha, Olive Branch, Jung Frau, Hurricane, Sappho, Cantiniere, Imperatrice, and Queen Elizabeth, following in a cluster, close up. They proceeded in this order about three quarters of a mile, when Salamanca was beaten, and Bertha showed in front, Hurricane and Sappho lying with her, Imperatrice well placed. In a few strides, however, she gave way to Olive Branch, and Hurricane at the same time headed Bertha, After this, there was no noteworthy change, and Hurricane kept in front, and won, after an excellent race, by three-quarters of a length; a neck separated Bertha from Sappho; Olive Branch was fourth, Imperatrice fifth, and Queen Elizabeth sixth; Jung Frau was next, heading the ruck, who were beaten off a long way. *Nett value of the stakes*, £2,800.

SAME DAY.—The Newmarket Two Year Old Plate of £200; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 5lb; a winner of a plate or sweepstakes, 5lb extra; the last five furlongs of R. M. 72 subs. In this race, Ten Broeck's Tornado, ridden by Fordham, was placed eighth on the list, in a field of twenty-two starters, Lord Strathmore's Sacchar ometer being the winner.

FRIDAY, May 9.—A plate of 50 sovs., for maiden two year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lbs; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.; last half of R. M.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Batsman, by Teddington—Cricket, 8st 7lb.....G. Fordham 1
Lord Westmoreland's c by the Fallow Buck—Joyful, 8st 7lb.....Goater 2
Mr. Flutter's Strawberry Hill, by Orlando—Marinette, 8st 4lb.....Bullock 3
Mr. Neville's f by Alarm—Drosera's dam, 8st 4lb...J. Snowden 0
Count F. de Lagrange's Odine, 8st 4lb.....Grimshaw 0
Mr. Holland's Outpost, 8st 4lb.....Sharp 0
Mr. Alexander's Bœotia, 8st 7lb.....W. Cotton 0
Lord Stamford's c by Vedette, dam by Theon—Lady Love, 8st 7lb.....Edwards 0
Mr. Peddie's The Village Belle, 8st 4lb.....Bradley 0
Mr. Price's c by Hesperus—Mermaid, 8st 7lb.....Lynch 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst the Fallow Buck colt, 3 to 1 agst the Vedette colt, and 5 to 1 agst Batsman. Strawberry Hill took a slight lead, which she maintained to the foot of the hill, where she compounded, and Fordham, on Batsman, who had been lying well up, took a slight lead, which he held to the end, and won rather cleverly by a neck; about ten lengths from the chair Goater made his rush, but failed to get up; Strawberry Hill finished a bad third, about a head in advance of the ruck.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs., each, 10 ft; a winner of a 500 sovs. handicap after February 12, 10lb; of all minor handicaps, once, 5lb; twice, 10lb, extra; T.M.M. (1 mile 7 fur. 158 yards.) 15 subs.

Lord Zetland's Carbineer, by Rifleman—Comfit, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (including 10lb extra).....Edwards 1
Mr. Ten Broeck's Amy, by Kingston—Desdemona, 4 yrs, 5st 7lb.....J. Grimshaw 2
Lord Glasgow's m by Voltigeur—Makeless, 5 yrs, 5st 13lb.....C. Gray 3
Mr. Godding's South Lancashire, 5 yrs, 6st 11b (carried 6st 3lb).....T. French 0
Mr. O'Reilley's Stanton, 4 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Morgan 0
Mr. H. Saville's Lady Blanche, 4 yrs, 5st 12lb.....Davis 0

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Amy, 3 to 1 agst Carbineer, and 4 to 1 agst Stanton, 100 to 10 each agst the Makeless mare and Lady Blanche. The favorite, with Lady Banche and Stanton as her attendants, made play to the cords, where Carbineer went to the front, and, joining Amy, ran a good race home with her, and won by three-quarters of a length: three lengths between second and third.

SAME DAY.—A Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., for three year olds and upwards; entrance, 3 sovs.; R. M. (1 mile 17 yards). In this race, Ten Broeck's Evenhand was recorded ninth in the order of coming in, in a field of nineteen starters, Baron Rothschild's Mahala being the winner. It is to be hoped that these minor successes of Mr. Ten Broeck are indicators of still more and greater in the future.

HORSE TROTTING AND BUFFALO HUNTING.—On the afternoon of the 22d ult., the people of Cincinnati were treated to some excellent sport on the Trotting Park. The first event was a trotting match between Davis' b. s. "Clinton," and Rockey's b. m. "Topsy," for $100, mile heats, best three in five, and was warmly contested, resulting in the defeat of "Topsy." Summary:

H. Davis enters b. s. Clinton.....1 1 2 1
James Rockey enters b. m. Topsy.....2 2 1 2
Time, 2:50; 2:47; 2:50; 2:43.

The buffalo h

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS ITEMS.

HIGH PRAISE.—A most valued contributor, in writing to us on matters zatrikiological, says:—"I assure you I do not forget that my first correct ideas of Chess, if I have any, were derived, just one year ago, from the little and unpretending but valuable "Dime Chess Instructor" of yours; and I should point to it always as containing in the briefest space, the greatest number of masterly models of Chess. As Leonard once said to me emphatically:—'It is the Opening of the game that must be studied and learned—in the opening you get position, and by position you must win! I often think, when I hear players disclaiming all knowledge of Chess books, that they might at least remember that a move, if a good one, *is good*, whether in the books or not. Too much *reliance* on books no doubt weakens self-reliance over the board, and a player knowing every move of a given book series, may be sometimes discomposed by a variation he has never seen.

THE WORLD'S CONGRESS.—Everything pertaining to this near approaching gathering is progressing most satisfactorily. When we last heard from the subscription list it was above £450, and it was hoped that the first prize would be a purse of 300 sovereigns. Golden days of Chess, truly. If two-thirds of the players agree, all games will be opened, by law, with P to K 4th, on both sides. Walker (*Bell's Life*) with characteristic point, says:—"We heartily trust that this may be the case, and that the sneak opening is shut out." It is uncertain whether Morphy, "the real king of the board," will be present.

NEW EDITIONS.—A 3d edition of the "*Leitfaden*," and a 4th of the "*Handbuch*," are announced, the latter to embody all the new discoveries in the openings; and both to contain the new Chess Code, as proposed by Heydebrand von der Lasa. Professor Allen, also, is about to issue a 2d Ed. of his "*Life of Philidor*," which will be much fuller and more interesting than the first. Der Lasa has furnished him with many interesting anecdotes and incidents. We bespeak for this work a large sale.

BOOK OF THE CONGRESS.—The volume pertaining to the history and records of the forthcoming "World's Chess Congress" is to be edited by Herr Loewenthal and Geo. Medley, Esqrs.; and will be published by Bohn, the well-known publisher of Mr. Staunton's works, with which, we presume, it will be uniform.

MONSTER TOURNAMENT.—A Tournament is now in progress at the *Cafe de la Regence*, Paris, numbering *sixty-four* contestants, of all degrees of force. At its close the annual banquet will take place. Were it in this country we should recommend the players not to fast till then.

THE UNION CHESS CLUB, of Washington, D. C., is decidedly flourishing, both in the number and zeal of its own members and visitors. The most fashionable style of Tournament, just now, is to have every player contest one game (draws not counted) with every adversary, and then award the prizes according to the list of victories each can exhibit.

ENIGMA No. 331.

3d Prize Problem.—BY COUNT ARNOLD PONGRACZ.

"*Sodalis inter Magistros.*"

at K R sq, Q Kt 6, Q B 5, K sq, Q B 3, K B 2, K B 4, K R 3d.

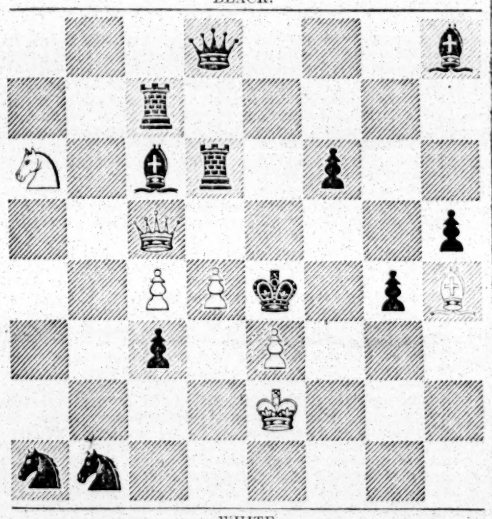
at K R 5, K Kt sq, K Kt 4, K Kt 2, Q R 6, K B 4, K R 4, K R 7th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 331.

BY J. A. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in seven moves.

GAME No. 331.

A *partie* in the late Tourney of the "Paulsen Schach Club," between Mr. J. Sehl and our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Mr. Sehl.	Defence, Mr. Brenzinger.	Attack. Mr. Sehl.	Defence. Mr. Brenzinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q to K R 6	P to Q Kt 4
2..K-Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..K B-Kt 3	Q B-Kt 2
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	15..K R-K sq	K R-Kt sq
4..K B-R 4	K Kt-B 3	16..P-K Kt 3	Q-K 2(*b*)
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	17..K-his B sq	Castles.
6..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	18..Q Kt-B 3	K R-Kt 3
7..Castles	K B-K 2	19..Q-K R 5	Q B-B 6
8..Kt × Q 2d P	K Kt-B 4	20..Q-K B 5	Q B-Kt 5
9..K Kt-B 5 (*a*)	K Kt-K 3	21..Q-K 4	B-R 6 +
10..Q-K Kt 4	Kt × K P	22..K-Kt sq	P-Q 4
11..Kt × Kt P +	K Kt × Kt	23..Q Kt + P	Kt-B 6 +, and
12..Q × K Kt	K B-his 3		the Defence wins.

(*a*) Very well played.

(*b*) The attack, which was for a while so keen, now completely changes hands, and the *partie* is neatly and promptly ended.

Well-fought and instructive game at the odds of P and between Mr. W. Green and Herr Lowenthal.—*Era.*

(Remove the K. B. P. from the Defence.)

Mr. Green.	Herr Lowenthal.	Mr. Green.	Herr Loewenthal.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	24..Q R to K sq	K R × R
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	25..K × K R	K B-home
3..K P × P	K P × P	26..K-his 2	P-K R 4
4..Q-K R 5 +	P-K Kt 3	27..P-K R 4	K-his 3
5..Q-K 5 +	Q-K 2	28..Kt-K B sq	K B-Q 3
6..Q B-B 4	P-Q B 3	29..K Kt-K 3	P-Q Kt 4
7..K Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 2	30..K-Q 3	P-Q R 4
8..Q × Q +	K Kt × Q	31..P-Q Kt 3	K B-K 2
9..P-Q B 3	Q B-B 4	32..P-Q B 4 (*e*)	B-Q Kt 5
10..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-Q 2	33..P × Q P +	B P × P
11..K B-K 2	Castles, K R	34..P-Q R 4	Kt P × P
12..Q B-K 3	Q R-K sq (*c*)	35..Kt P × P	K B-K 8 (*f*)
13..Castles, K R	Kt-Q B sq (*d*)	36..Kt-K B sq	K B-his 7
14..P-K Kt 3	K Kt-Q 3	37..K-Q B 3 (*g*)	Kt-K 5 +
15..K R-K sq	K Kt-B 2	38..K B × Kt	B P × B
16..Q R-Q sq	Q R-K 2	39..K-Q 2 (*h*)	B × Q P
17..K Kt-R 4	K Kt-R 3	40..K Kt-K 3	B-Q B 4
18..Q B × Kt	K B × B	41..K-his 2	P-Q 5
19..K Kt × B	Kt P × Kt	42..Kt-Q B 4	K-Q 4
20..P-K B 4	K R-K sq	43..Kt × R P	P-Q 6 +
21..K-his B 2	Kt-K B 3	44..K-Q sq	P-K 6
22..K B-his 3	K-his B 2	45..Kt-Q Kt 3	P-K 7 +
23..K R × R +	K R × R	46..K-home	B-Kt 5 +, and
			the Defence wins (*i*).

(*c*) The Defence, considering the odds given, has a good game, all his pieces are well placed and ready for active operation.

(*d*) In order to prevent the Attack from playing K Kt to K 5th.

(*e*) It appears to us that P to Q R 4th would have given Mr. Green some chance of winning the game.

(*f*) The position here is an instructive one; it will be seen that by the move in the text the Attack has a most difficult game to play, and with the best moves can only draw.

(*g*) B to Kt 2d would not lead to any better result.

(*h*) Curiously enough, Mr. G. could not avoid the loss of a Pawn. A fine study in pawn endings follows.

(*i*) The success which has thus far attended the peculiar defence above employed by Herr L. seems to justify its general adoption.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.—See Card of Express, this week. Your Solution has already appeared (in substance) in No. 52, Vol. IX, if we mistake not.

D. LEVISON, Philadelphia.—We have examined the Position, and our opinion coincides with your own, viz: that if Black goes 17 to 13, the game is won. You ask if White move 5 to 9, how you shall proceed? Simply move 21 to 17, and afterwards White must play as contemplated, *i. e.*, give away his man to obtain a King, and then Black goes on to the king row, and if White goes behind the single man, Black gains another man by taking two for one, and "so on to the end of the chapter."

BLYTHE, Middleport, N. J.—Good boy! You "die game!" Right glad to learn that you are convalescent.

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—Blythe writes regarding your Match Game as follows: "Inform acceptance that I resign. Present him with my compliments, and that small portion of the 'filthy lucre;'" all of which we proceed to do forthwith. Please forward your real name, and place of residence, and your "reward of merit shall travel." We congratulate you.

JAMES H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Position received. Thanks.

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. Y.—Our correspondent, H. L., of Pittsburgh, informs us that a Position has lately appeared in a contemporary, (copied from the *Scottish Banner*,) which is *identical* with the 3d of the CLIPPER Prize Set, of J. McLean, and he wishes to learn your opinion of the "cabbaging propensities" of our "friends over the water."

E. W. PERRIN, Toledo, O.—We make your wishes known to Express.

EXPRESS, New York.—E. W. Perrin wishes to play a game of Draughts (by mail) with you, to be afterwards published in the CLIPPER, "if of sufficient interest." What say you?

CARD.—New York, May 28, 1862.—To H. L.—Game No. 46, Vol. IX, is taken, *verbatim*, from the copy of the A. D. P. I have in my possession. The Solution of the Position arising at the 23d move of White in that game, you will find in the CLIPPER of May 17.

Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

MATCH BETWEEN DUBLIN AND DUNDEE.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

The first game in this match terminated in favor of the Dundee players. We append the game in full.

FIFE OPENING.

Black, Dublin.		White, Dundee.		Black, Dublin.		White, Dundee.	
11 to 15		23 to 19		6 to 22		13 to 6	
9	14	22	17	2	9(*p*)	21	17
5	9	17	13	3	7	28	24
14	18	21	17(*a*)	7	10	24	19
8	11	25	21	9	14	19	12
18	23	27	18	14	21	12	8
15	22	19	15(*b*)	11	16	8	3
10	19	24	8	10	15	3	8
4	11	26	23	15	19	8	12
12	16(*c*)	30	25	19	26	12	19
7	10	25	18	26	30	19	23
10	14(*o*)	17	10			wins.	

(*a*) Some prefer 19 to 16, as it gains a man, but the advantage is but temporary.

(*b*) If 17 to 14, or 26 to 23, white, according to Drummond, would lose. We annex a few variations by that author.

		17 to 14				26 to 23	
9 to 18		26	17	11 to 15		24	20(*c*)
11	16	31	26	15	24	28	19
16	23	26	19	4	8	30	26
18	23	29	25	8	11	32	28
4	8	25	22	9	14	19	16
8	11	24	20	12	19	23	16
11	15	28	24	11	15 wins.		
7	11 wins.			(*d*) 22	26	31	22
		(*c*) 32	27	9	14	30	25
9	14(*d*)	30	25	15	18	22	15
15	18	24	20	wins.			
22	26	31	15				
12	16 wins.						

(*c*) The Dublin players could easily have drawn at this point by

7 to 10		23 to 18(*f*)		3 to 7		30 to 26	
1	5	17	14(*g*)	22	25 drawn		
10	17	21	14				

(*f*) J. B., Dundee, gives the following variations;

		32 to 27		28 to 26		25 to 22	
3 to 7		28	24(*h*)	26	30	22	18
10	15	30	26	30	25	18	15
12	16	24	20(*i*)	25	21 wins.		
15	19(*k*)	17	14 wins				
		(*h*) 27	24	(*k*) 7	10	23	18
would draw				1	5	17	14
		(*i*) 24	19	10	17	21	14
15	24	27	20	16	19	26	17
7	10	23	18	15	22 wins.		
10	14	17	10				
6	15	13	6	(*g*) Anderson gives this.			
2	9	26	17			30 to 26	
15	22	17	13	3	7	17	14
1	6	21	17	10	17	21	14
16	19	31	27	22	25	29	22
11	15	20	16	11	15 drawn.		
22	26	16	11				
26	31	11	7	Dublin, however, selected the move 12 to 16, thinking the Dundee players would have replied with either 28 to 24, or 23 to 18, from which some nice play would have followed—*i. e.*,			
21	24	7	2				
19	23	2	7				
15	9	7	11				
24	20	29	25				
		28 to 24		3 to 10		13 to 9	
16 to 20		32	27	22	25	29	22
11	15	23	18	18	25	9	5
7	11(*l*)	30	26(*m*)	25	30	5	1
1	5	26	23	14	18	1	6
6	10	13	6	30	26	1	22
2	9	17	13	2	25	6	9
9	14	18	9	25	30	21	17
5	14	23	19(*n*)	30	26	9	14
15	18	19	16	6	22 drawn		
10	15	16					

(*l*) 1 to 5, 2d player, would win.

(*m*) 30 to 25 would also draw.

(*n*) 13 to 9 would lose, for white, *i. e.*,

						13 to 9	
If, as before stated, they played				11 to 16		9	5
		23 to 18		3	7	5	1
16 to 19		17	14	22	26	31	22
1	5	21	17	14	18	23	14
11	16	30	26	10	26	1	6
16	20	32	27	7	10	21	17
3	8	27	23	16	19	6	9
8	12	23	16	19	28 wins.		
12	19 wins.						

(*o*) According to J. B., Dundee, Dublin could have drawn by 10 to 15, *i. e.*,

10 to 15		17 to 14		26 to 22		11 to 8	
15	22	14	5	22	18	8	4
11	15	31	26	18	15	4	8
22	31	32	27	15	10	8	11
31	24	28	12	16	14	11	15
15	18	23	14	14	9	15	18
6	9	13	6	9	13	18	22
2	18	29	25	13	9	21	17
18	23	25	22	9	13	17	14
23	26	22	18	13	9	22	18
26	30	18	15	9	6 drawn.		
30	26	15	11				

(*p*) J. B. also considers Dublin could have drawn at this, by

1 to 10		21 to 17		3 to 10		17 to 13	
2	6	32	27	10	15 drawn		
11	15	23	18(*q*)			(*q*) 17	14
15	19	18	14	10	17	32	26
16	20	14	17	22	31	29	25
				31	24	28	1
				drawn.			

GAME No. 8—VOL. X.

ANOTHER CORRECTION OF THE A. D. P.—New York: May 22, 1862.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER: The Game below originated with the compiler of the A. D. P.

FIFE.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to 15		23 to 19		16..15 to 19		27 to 24	
2..9	14	22	17	17..7	10	24	15
3..5	9	17	13	18..10	19	13	9
4..14	18	19	16	19..6	13	17	14
5..12	19	26	23	20..2	7	14	9
6..19	26	30	5	21..8	12	9	6
7..15	18	25	22	22..1	10	5	1
8..18	25	29	22	23..19	23	1	6
9..10	14	22	18	24..10	15	18	14
10..14	23	27	18	25..23	26	6	10
11..8	11	32	27	26..15	19	10	3
12..7	10	31	26	27..11	15	3	7
13..4	8	21	17	23..26	30	7	11
14..10	15	26	22	29..30	26	11	18
15..3	7	24	20(*a*)	Black wins.			

Corrected by Geo. Mudridge, of Buffalo.

(*a*)

15..		27	23	20..30	25	18	14
16..15	19	24	15	21..25	22	5	1
17..6	9	13	6	22..22	25	13	9
18..1	26	17	13	23..25	21	1	6
19..26	30	22	17	24..7	10(*b*)	Drawn.	

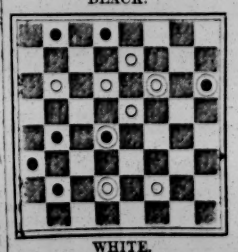
(*b*) When you come to fine, analytical play, the compiler is lacking—he "ain't thar."

Yours, EXPRESS.

POSITION No. 9—Vol. X.

BY JAMES H. BURNHAM.

BLACK.

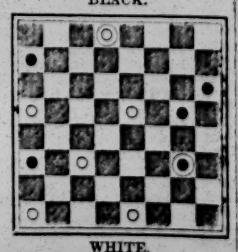


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 75th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 8—VOL. X.

BY C. M. W.

White.		Black.
1..18 to 15		Jumps.
2..19	15	Black's moves are all forced.
3..17	10	
4..13	6	
5..10	7	
6..31	26	
7..27	4, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 74th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..30	26	31	22
2..18	25	21	30
3..20	16, and wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance. White—Blythe.

☞ Blythe resigns.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19..5	9	11	8
20..9	14	8	4
21..17	21	4	8
22..2	7		

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18
6..7	16		

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY 21.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.

22.—O. Butts and W. Crump—£10 a side, Exeter.

RATTLING MILL FOR £20,

BETWEEN

W. SMITH (The Brighton Doctor) and JEM HILL (of Chelsea.)

From the Sporting Life, May 14.

These men met on Monday, May 12th, at a well-known spot, when the affair was brought to a satisfactory termination in the afternoon, after a couple of interruptions. The match arose from a difference which had existed for some time between the respective backers of the men, and on their (the boxers') names being mentioned, a dispute arose respecting their merits, which was clinched by a match being made for £10 a side, at catch weight. Both have been in the ring before; and the following are their recorded performances, &c.—Wm. Smith (the Brighton Doctor) was born May 1, 1839, is 5ft. 8in. in height, and on this occasion weighed 10st 2lb. He was backed from Mr. Ward's, Ironfounders' Arms, Greenwich. The colors were a blue and white check; and he was seconded by Bill Gillam and Patsy Reardon. James Hill was born at Chelsea, on Feb. 11, 1837, is 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighed about 10st 10lb. He was backed by Bob Travers, and trained with M'Gee, at Highgate. His colors were a Solferino handkerchief, with a narrow dark green check. He was seconded by Jem Dillon and Bob Travers. The betting was even, Hill, if anything, for choice. Bob Travers won the toss for corners, and the referee being chosen, and all placed ship-shape, the men were delivered at the scratch at a quarter before twelve, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. There was a vast disparity in the appearance of the two men as they faced each other. Smith was the taller man as well as of a greyhound build; although with good shoulders and arms, he is deficient in power below the waist, as his legs are long, with but small muscles to them. Jem Hill was very fat and fleshy, with a paunch which stuck out as he sparred in front of his lengthy adversary, and the comparison between the two was the cause of many ludicrous remarks. The attitude of both was very good, but savored of the sparring school. No time was lost in sparring, as the Brightonian commenced operations by getting his left on the belly, Hill short with the return. Some bustling and wild exchanges took place (in which both wanted precision,) until they closed, when both were down.

2. Both well up to time, but the want of condition shown by Hill was apparent to all, as he was blowing very freely as he faced the Doctor (such being the cognomen by which Smith is recognised by the fancy.) The Doctor showed a bit of talent in the manner in which he planted his left on the mark without a return, when Jem closed, and some good half-armed hitting took place, until Smith ducked; Hill after him to the ropes, when more exchanges took place, until they closed, and Hill threw the Doctor.

3. Smith was rather flushed as he came up, Hill blowing like a grampus. Smith led off his left at the body, was short, but planted the double on the head. Hill countered with the left on the mouth, and closed, throwing Smith in his (Hill's) corner.

4. Smith was up first, and commenced operations by planting on Hill's capacious paunch, receiving on the head. They fought wildly to a close, and both were down in the scramble.

5. Hill was blowing, his chest actually heaving in his exertions to fetch breath; Smith as cool as a cucumber. Hill led off with the left; Doctor, not to be planted upon, changed ground, but Hill, following him up, good counters with the left took place, Hill on the nose, the Doctor on the eye and on the mark. Left-hand counters were exchanged, Hill on the chin, Smith on the neck. Hill rushed to a close, when a sharp struggle for the fall took place, both being down together. Hill fell on his shoulder.

6. Both well up to time, and led off as soon as within shot, Smith at the body, Hill missing his blow, which went over the shoulder. Smith feinted with the left, and succeeded in getting home in the second attempt. Hill dashed in and closed, but, after a severe and tough bout for the throw, Hill was undermost when they fell.

Hill had a graze on the forehead from the fall in the previous round, and Smith was very much flushed. Good counters on the body and chin were delivered, and again on the mouth. Hill was sent back by the force of his own blow. On getting within shot, Smith feinted with his left, and missed with his right. Hill got close, when good counters with the left at the head took place. Smith also planted his left on the mark, bringing Hill down on his knees. He jumped up and renewed the round, when some sparring took place, and several sharp counters were exchanged, Smith getting on the body and side of the head; Hill on the chin. A good rally ensued, Hill getting on the ear, Smith on the body and head. This forced a close at the ropes, where some hugging took place, until Hill was down, Smith on the top of him. From this round Smith began to take a decided lead, as the want of condition told heavily on Hill, who, however, gamely struggled on, and tried his utmost to turn the scale in his favor, but it was apparent to all that Smith held the winning card, and that it was only a matter of accident or time that could wrest the battle from being decided in his favor. Notwithstanding this fact, and his own weakness, Hill, in the most determined manner, tried all that lay in his power to reduce Smith to his own level. He met the Doctor's rushes to the best of his ability, and continued to stand the box until he fell down weak or was fought down. In the thirty-ninth round, Hill came up very groggy, when Smith landed his left heavily on the mark, Hill missed the right and staggered. This was noticed by Bob Travers, who was his backer as well as seconder, and he at once humanely stopped the fight and threw up the sponge, Smith, the Brighton Doctor, scoring his second victory out of five battles, in one hour and forty-five minutes. He rushed across to his antagonist, and appeared most delighted with his success.

REMARKS.

It is with satisfaction we can give credit to all parties concerned in the match under consideration, in which, although for so small a stake, a vast deal of antagonistic and rival feeling had previously been displayed. There had not one occurrence taken place which could offend the eye of the most fastidious ring-goer. The battle was fought by the men on their respective merits, and both did their best to win. Smith is decidedly a clever performer with both hands, but we doubt his staying qualities with one of his own calibre in respect to condition. The match having been made only rather more than a fortnight, may have something to do with it, as he had been what is termed "very hard up" for some time previously, and it was only since Mr. Ward had taken him in hand that he had received his fair allowance of nourishment. Jem Hill, although defeated is not disgraced, and may safely put down his present reverse to his great want of condition and excessive corpulance. He struggled so gamely and persevered so thoroughly all through the fight, that he has found friends who will back him against Smith for £25 or £50 a side. The fight to take place in the same ring as Travers and Reardon contend.

RING ON DITS.—COLLINS AND MORRIS.—The whole of the money for this fight, at catch weight, for £5 a side, which comes off next week, is up. Collins won the toss for choice of ground.

BOB TRAVERS AND REARDON.—£25 a side is now down for the match between these accomplished boxers.

A MATCH has been made between Jack Hicks and Bob Travers' Unknown, at 9st, for £100 a side; £1 a side is staked. The men were to meet at Jem Mace's on Tuesday evening, May 20, between eight and ten o'clock, to draw up articles and make a further deposit. Should this match not go on, Hicks will fight Baldock, Joe Nolan, or Jem Gollagher, for the same amount, at 9st.

E. TIERNEY AND T. JAMES (*alias* GINGER).—These Birmingham men are matched to fight at 7st 8lb, for £10 a side, over ten and under thirty miles from home.

PETER MORRIS, who defeated Hartley, has got on a fresh match with young Holden, of Walsall, at 8st, for £50 a side (to be left open for £100). £1 a side is posted with Bob Brettle, where they appointed to meet on Friday, May 16, to increase the money to £5 a side, and draw up articles. They fight in the London district, in three months time from signing.

DENNY KILEY AND NOBBY PORTER (Patton's Novice) have made good their deposit. Their next and last was to be made on Monday evening, May 19.

BILL BARRY AND SAM BENNETT are matched to fight for £5, open for £10 a side, on June 10. £1 a side is staked in the hands of Jesse Hatton.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TEN MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—On Monday, May 12th, S. Barker and W. Jones met at Hackney Wick, to run ten miles for the Champion's Cup and £50. The race was set for half-past six o'clock, and ere the start upwards of 1,000 were there congregated. The betting was even, and before starting rose to 5 to 4 on Jones, who, from his previous victories over Sam, was much fancied by the public—those victories are so recent as to need no repeating. It was nearly seven before the men came on the course, Barker attended by J. Howse, of Stepney, who, in conjunction with J. Grace, of Marylebone, had trained him; his condition was perfection, and reflected great credit upon his trainers. Jones, who had been under the eye of his backer, J. Roberts, was attended by H. Baines, and he did not look so well as we have seen him, being too fleshy. To complete the distance, the men had to traverse the course sixty-eight times, and W. Price having marshalled them to the scratch, the signal was given, and away they went, Barker leading at a good pace, Jones about a yard in the rear. This order of running rather surprised the onlookers, as it was supposed that Jones would, as on previous occasions, endeavor to cut his opponent down. Thus they continued, lap after lap, until rising the hill in the eighth, when Jones took up the running and led for a lap; now Sam again went to the front, but in the next Jones again assumed the lead, and the excitement became intense, the partisans of each man loudly cheering them. Jones thus carried on the running until breasting the hill in the fifteenth lap, when Sam went up to his shoulder, and a slashing struggle took place for the lead, which, just as they commenced rounding the Pagoda turn, Barker obtained, but in doing so, came into collision with his opponent, though very slightly and quite accidentally. Coming into the straight, Jones again passed Barker, and led the way up to the twenty-first lap, where Sam went to the fore, and forced the pace, evidently as a feeler. Jones, nothing daunted, stuck to his work, and putting on a pretty spurt, showed the way for the next lap. Passing the reserved seats in the twenty-third, Barker, determined to do or die, again increased the pace, and to such a degree as soon to leave his opponent a dozen yards in the rear. This elicited renewed cheers from his friends, and Sam kept widening the gap at every round, until, in coming down the straight in the twenty-ninth lap, Jones gave up, beat. Sam kept on the even tenor of his way until he had completed thirty-three laps, nearly five miles, when the backer of Jones saying he was satisfied, Barker pulled up, thus becoming Champion of England. The following is the time of the four miles:—

Miles.	min.	sec.	Miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	57	3	15	20
2	10	8	4	20	35

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The members of the Swiss Rifle Society held their first meeting this year on Saturday, May 10, at Hornsey Wood House, to shoot for their prizes, medals, &c. The following is the roll of shooting, and it will be seen that the first prize was taken by M. Guillaume completely distancing his opponents. Score:—

A Guillaume	3	3	4	3	5	2	3	3	2	4	4	4	3	2	5	4	3	3	4	4—68
Soller	2	3	3	2	4	4	3	4	2	2	3	2	3	2	3	4	3	2	3	—58
Deveria	4	2	1	4	3	3	3	3	2	4	0	3	2	3	2	3	1	3	4	3—53
C. Bovet	1	4	1	2	3	3	4	2	3	4	0	3	2	3	3	2	1	3	3	2—49
N. Straun	2	1	1	1	3	4	2	2	2	2	3	1	4	2	5	3	4	2	3	2—49
A. Straun	2	2	2	4	2	2	3	2	1	2	4	3	3	2	2	3	4	2	2	2—49
Vicarino	3	1	5	1	5	0	3	3	4	4	0	3	2	3	3	3	0	3	0	3—49
Milleret	2	1	3	1	3	3	0	3	2	2	0	3	5	2	3	3	3	3	3	8—48
Tharian	3	3	0	0	1	2	3	2	4	2	2	3	2	1	5	3	2	5	2	3—48
F. Simond	4	4	4	1	0	4	4	2	3	2	0	2	3	2	2	1	2	4	0	2—46
Deunler	5	1	3	1	2	0	1	3	3	1	4	1	3	1	3	1	1	3	3	1—41
H. Simmon	2	4	1	0	2	2	3	1	1	1	2	2	0	3	0	3	2	2	4	2—37
Piguet	3	3	1	0	4	2	0	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	3	3	1	2	4	4—35
Froelicher	1	0	0	1	2	4	0	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	2	0	0	2	—34
Marcet	0	2	0	0	0	1	3	2	0	4	2	4	3	0	2	2	2	1	3	2—33
Jacob	2	0	1	2	2	3	1	3	1	2	2	1	3	1	0	2	2	0	2	2—32
Guscher	3	0	1	2	2	2	0	0	0	3	3	0	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	0—27

WRESTLING.

WRESTLING.—A wrestling bout between F. Robinson, of Ashton-under-Lyne, and William Shaw, of Stalybridge, took place at the last named locality, on May 10, in the presence of about 1300 spectators. Robinson was seconded by John Lumb and J. Hague, of Ashton; and Shaw, by J. Clayton and A. Beaumont, of Stalybridge. The betting was 6 to 4 on Robinson, who gained the first throw in nine minutes; and the second, during which some fine points and great activity were shown on both sides, in ten minutes. The winner was loudly applauded at the conclusion of the match by his friends, who are justly proud of this unassuming champion of the feather weights.

BILLIARDS.—A match of 500 up, for £20 a side, was played at the Stag Tavern, Fulham Road, London, Eng., on May 12th, between the marker and an amateur. The latter led at the start, but the former ultimately won by 35 points, the score standing 500 to 465.

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| | Matches Played in. | Hands Lost. | Average and over. | Runs. | Average and over. | Highest Score in a Match | Clean

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5 National Theatre of Denver City, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Edwin Adams, J. H. Allen, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Kate Horn, Emily Thorn, Geo. C. Boniface, John Nunan, S. E. Ryan, Barnum and Commodore Nutt, Julia Bennett Barrow, Kate Bateman, also as Juliet, and Lady Gay Spanker; Lilly Bennett, Sallie Bishop, W. R. Blake, Mrs. Blake, Edwin Booth, John Wilkes Booth, J. B. Booth as Richard 3d, Frank Brower, John Brougham, Fanny Brown, Dan Bryant, Neil Bryant, Jerry Bryant, Ione Burke, W. E. Burton, S. C. Campbell, F. S. Chanfrau, Mrs. Chanfrau, Geo. Christy, C. W. Clarke, J. S. Clarke also as Toodles, Ada Clifton, John Collins, C. W. Couldock, Sam Cowell, Viola Crocker, Isabel Cubas also in character, Charlotte Cushman also as Romeo and Meg Merrilies, Julia Daly, A. H. Davenport, E. L. Davenport, also as Hamlet, Fanny Davenport, Lizzie Weston Davenport, W. Davidge, Susan Denin as Romeo, E. Eddy, Dan Emmett, Mrs. Farren, Chas. Fisher, A. W. Fenno, W. J. Florence, Mrs. W. J. Florence, E. Forrest, Mlle. Galetti, also in character, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Gladstane, Gougenheim Sisters, J. H. Hackett, W. Hanlon, Kate Hayes, Julia Dean Hayne, Miss Henriques, Matilda Heron as Camille, Isabella Hinkley, also as the Page, Mrs. Hoey, George Holland, Eph Horn, Lotty Hough, Joseph Jefferson, Chas. Kean, Laura Keene, Miss Kellogg, also in character, Mrs. Leighton, Mlle. Marietta in character, Chas. Mathews, Adah Isaacs Menken, Lola Montez, Fanny Morant, 'Com Nutt, also in character, Josephine Orton, Tony Pastor, Adeline Patti, Carlotta Patti, Harry Pearson, Addie Phillips, Piccolomini, Henry Placide, Thomas Placide, Mad. Ponisi in character, Mrs. J. J. Prior, Louisa Pyne, Maggie Mitchell, Kate Reignolds, also in character, Dan Rice, T. D. Rice, (Jim Crow,) and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, or beautifully colored, 50 cents each, and sent post paid, on receipt of price. Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp, by
7-1t* O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director and Manager.....FOX.
Acting Manager..G. C. HOWARD | Treasurer.....W. TRYON.
Orchestra.....50 cents. | Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Boxes.....25 cents. | Colored Boxes.....25 cents.
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At this establishment, which has been entirely
RE-FITTED AND DECORATED,
THE MOST
ATTRACTIVE PERFORMANCES,
BY THE
BEST OF TALENT,
EVERY EVENING,
With appropriate and popular music, by a
FIRST CLASS ORCHESTRA.
The leading characters in the
SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES
Now being produced at this House, are fulfilled by those well-known and popular Artists,
MR. C. K. FOX, MISS FANNY HERRING,
MR. G. W. THOMPSON, MRS. G. E. NAGLE,
MR. C. W. CLARKE, MR. McCLOSKEY,
MR. J. J. PRIOR, MR. HUGHES, and others,
Forming a full and powerful company.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. 8-1t

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
MR. THOMAS BAKER'S BENEFIT,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 4th,
When, in addition to other attractions,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND FASCINATING
SENORITA CUBAS AND DON XIMINES,
and the Spanish Ballet Company,
Will appear for this night only, by the kind permission of
JAMES M. NIXON, ESQ.
Also, a GREAT MUSICAL NOVELTY will be presented for the first time, entitled
HAYDN'S CELEBRATED TOY SYMPHONY,
the music principally played on Children's Toys. Also, a
NEW POLKA,
Composed for this occasion, a copy of which will be presented to every Lady visiting the Theatre on this occasion.
Box Book now open. 8-1t*

VARIETIES MUSIC HALL,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
Now in the full tide of successful business,
THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, AND MOST COMPLETE MUSIC HALL IN THE WORLD.
The Company at present consists of
TOM CONY, W. M. REEVES, CLARA BUTLER,
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J. B. MURPHY, G. PETERS, MLLE VELARDE,
S. S. PURDEY, MISS CELIA MORLEY, LIZZY WALBY,
And many minor members,
TOGETHER WITH A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
SIGNOR CONSTANTINE, Ballet Master.
Orchestra—Freberthyser's Cornet and String Band.
Parties of known excellence desiring engagements, may
Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Music Hall,
44 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

TO PROFESSIONALS.—Ladies and Gentlemen desiring engagements for an after or summer season, commencing June 9, may apply immediately to Mr. Wayne Olwine, Manager.
M. A. GARRETTSON, Lessee,
Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.
STARS will be treated with. 8-1t

WANTED, to travel with a very popular Juvenile Troupe, a good Violin Player, one able to play a cornet, preferred. If able and willing to improve the troupe in singing, &c., it would be an acquisition. To a respectable, sober person, well qualified, a permanent position is offered. Address, with full particulars, as to ability, and lowest terms, &c., to
8-2t* J. H., Music, Detroit, Mich.

CARD.—MISS JULIA DALY will appear at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for Twelve Nights, commencing June 9th, which engagement will conclude her performances until the autumn season.
As several of Miss Daly's engagements for the next season are already made, prompt application for the time she has open is respectfully requested in order to arrange her nights.
To her present popular Repertoire, four Dramatic Novelties, with a variety of new Musical attractions will be added.
Address, WAYNE OLWINE,
8-1t Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

CARD.—CHARLESTOWN, Mass., May 26, 1862.—FRANK QUEEN: Last Saturday, May 24th, was the advent of Goodwin and Wilder's North American Circus and *Mrs. Dan Rice's Great (?) Show*, in this city. The exhibition was well advertised, and might have done a fine business had not one of the employees, instigated by Goodwin (at least so I have been informed weeks since) made a cowardly attack upon a citizen of Charlestown, who was formerly the agent of Goodwin when, he G., travelled under the style of Wambold & Co. I was standing in a doorway, waiting for a car, when some one approached me from behind, and struck me a heavy blow behind the ear, felling me to the floor, and then he exclaimed "I'll whip you, d—— you." He then struck me several times, when some one said there comes a policeman, and the valiant side showman who had been so brave as to attack a man from behind, ran like a Southern rebel; and for ought I know reached some friendly ditch where he might hide himself for awhile to rest from his prodigious labors of attacking a man far inferior to himself in strength. Mr. Goodwin followed me into the City Marshal's office, and stated that if his man was arrested, he (Goodwin) would swear that he saw Peaslee strike the first blow, when, in fact, I did not strike the man at all. Under the circumstances, the Marshal advised me not to have the man arrested, as it was probable that Goodwin's men would swear to anything he might wish them in regard to the fracas. But he informed Mr. Goodwin, afterwards, that Mr. Peaslee would visit the show in the afternoon or evening, and that sufficient police force would be detailed to protect him from any further attack from Mr. Goodwin's employees, and he advised Mr. G. R. Goodwin to use the one who had been his agent, formerly, as well as any other man, as he was bound to protect the citizens of his own city against any and all attacks from travelling showmen. I accordingly visited the exhibition, and was not interfered with in any way by the man who had endeavored to beat me before. The house in the afternoon was very light, and at night not nearly full, notwithstanding a liberal distribution of free tickets, a dozen of which were sent to Mr. Studley, the Superintendent of the Middlesex Horse Railroad, on which I am employed as conductor. This endeavor of Mr. Goodwin to injure me, arose in the first place from my writing a rather tart letter to Mr. Goodwin on the 14th of May, 1861, resigning my situation, and my afterwards leaving his employ, for the reason that he did not pay me as he had agreed to for obtaining several free licenses; after I did leave him, he caused to be published in your paper, an advertisement cautioning the public against trusting Flint Peaslee on account of Wambold & Co., as he was discharged from that establishment on the 29th of May, which statement I can, and will, whenever required, prove to be false. I was employed by Goodwin till June 6th, 1861, can produce proof that he did on the 31st of May, 1861, employ a party to come to me and persuade me to continue in his employ. Last winter his menagerie was destroyed by fire. Goodwin settled with the insurance companies by receiving $2500. As it was insured for $7500, the insurance companies were dissatisfied in regard to the circumstances attending the fire, and the large amount which it was claimed the concern was worth, and they declined paying the risk without further investigation, and their agent applied to me to act as a referee, estimate the value of the animals, and state what was paid for various animals, and other property. I did so, and gave a higher valuation than any one else by 25 per cent., but Goodwin seeing it in a different light, commenced a malicious attack on my character, and endeavored by all means in his power to prevent my remaining in the business where I was employed. He even stated that he would prevent my obtaining business in any place if he could prevent it, and he has not ceased to persecute me in every possible way since. Is this right? I claim a right to obtain an honest living, and trust that Goodwin may always meet with as square a man as Marshal Swift, who is worthy and well qualified for his duties towards brothers or cousins. Yours truly, FLINT PEASLEE.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
THE ABOVE THEATRE IS NOW OPEN.
The Fall Season will open on or about the first of September. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagments will direct to the Pittsburgh Theatre early as possible. Stars will find it to their advantage to arrange for time. Liberal terms offered.
8-tf WM. ANDERSON, Sole Lessee and Manager.

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
STARS desirous of visiting Montreal, can apply to
8-3m J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

BENEFIT OF MRS. MATILDA VINEBURGH—who has been ill for the last eight months.—This Testimonial is tendered by the Young Bachelor's Dramatic and Social Union, and will take place at the City Assembly Room, on
THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 5.
Myers & Mathews' Ethiopian Metropolitan Opera Troupe, with Masters Dupont and Dunham, will perform, together with a number of other Artists. Tickets 25 cents. 8-1t*

PINE'S HALL, POUGHKEEPSIE.
This Hall, which is capable of holding about 1400, is handsomely painted, with comfortable seats, and everything in first rate order, is now to be let for Concerts, Lectures, or any entertainment of the kind. Apply to HENRY PINE,
8-7t* No. 15 Washington street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MISS SARAH TILFORD, who performed at the National Theatre, N. Y., in 1857, is requested by a correspondent with McClellan's army to send her address to this office.

HARRY CLIFFORD'S Address is inquired for by a party in Philadelphia. 8

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Wm. Woodroffe, of Glass Blowers; Cortland Folwell; Duprez & Green; Mrs. Maguire; S. Price; Sylvester Bleecker; Mrs. G. Melville; S. B. Bechner, and E. M. Carr, gymnast.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 2, '62.

June two, and thick clothing not uncomfortable. So it is; but it is not probable this backward state of the season will long continue. The renewed war excitement last week knocked spots out of most of our theatres, and reminded us much of the gloomy days of April, 1861; but the "scare" this time was not quite up to that which followed the defeat of our forces at Bull Run, in July, and when the rebs. threatened to overrun Philadelphia, New York, and call the roll of their slaves on Bunker Hill. This time, there was not much ground for the terrible excitement—the other time, there was. However, the call made in the early part of last week for troops rekindled the fire of patriotism in the bosoms of our militia, and right valiantly did they respond. Their departure, from Monday evening till the close of the week, lined our principal thoroughfares with thousands of spectators, many of whom, but for this fresh excitement, would have assisted in filling our theatres. As it was, the week's business was very bad; a few benefits helped to give things a better look, but altogether matters were decidedly checkered. Between the rival forces at Corinth, and those in front of Richmond, we looked for "one of the darndest fights that ever was fit," but as usual the rebs. "skeddadled" before Gen. Halleck's advance, and the Richmond defenders are finessing for the shortest cut to that last ditch. With expectations of news of a great battle, it is not to be supposed that our excitable population can content themselves inside a theatre; and that is why managers and treasurers exhibited such a blank look last week.

Business is business all the world over, and we need not wonder that parties interested in Broadway places of amusement should endeavor to mask their movements from each other, however willing they may be to seek publicity with the general public as soon as their "stake" is avowed. In this respect, we continually stand somewhat in the position of our present army correspondents among the many generals who are now striving for fame. This is the more obligatory upon us, because the signals set by our craft are repeated by all the usual copyists or followers after dramatic items. "A line in THE CLIPPER" is sometimes half-way to Europe by the nominal date of its actual issue, and we sometimes have more trouble to hold back news judiciously than many papers take to obtain any at all. In justice to our kind and numerous correspondents, we are thus enabled to make this assertion. But, coming back to our Broadway, what a Wallackian summersault the Florences have made in "moving in" for the summer at Wallack's New Theatre! And then what a Florentine retreat the Veteran will be almost certain to make, right away, down to Long Branch and parts adjacent! A glorious place for "a long stop," and games at cricket, with plenty of nothing to do. No "British Legion" this year at the big hotel, but much better men in their places. One of Lester Wallack's most admirable characters is that of a cricketer, and the ladies say that he takes to his flannels with bewitching grace. This verdict of the ladies cannot be gainsayed. When the Veteran (not Sam Wright) takes a bat (not hover the 'ead,) then is the signal for a jolly time, and lucky are those who may be on hand "to participate."

Two or three parties were after Laura Keene's Theatre, but Maggie Mitchell, as we stated in our last, "had the refusal," as tenants usually say, and she "took the trick." Last week, "Half a Dollar," and the "Elves," were produced at this house. The former was not a good "Half a Dollar," and was called in after the second night. Laura Keene was taken sick again, and Ada Clifton took her place. John Nickinson and daughter also dropped in, and the "Old Guard" made amends for the absence of the lessee. This week another "new and original drama" is to be produced; it is called the "Post-Boy, or the Pride of Rank." It will be given in connection with the "Elves." The season will close on the 7th, and on the 9th the summer campaign will be inaugurated, under the management of Miss Maggie Mitchell. Among those engaged is Mr. A. H. Davenport, late of Winter Garden. Maggie, however, in the eyes of Young America, will be the chief attraction.

The steamer in which the Hanlon Brothers took passage for California arrived out on the 19th of May.

A benefit is to take place at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 5th inst., which should enlist the sympathies of those charitably disposed. It is for the relief of Mrs. Matilda Vineburgh, who has been ill for the past eight months. See advertisement.

We are to have another new place of amusement on Broadway. You remember that carriage repository, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, don't you? Henry Wood has just obtained possession of the property, and is having it converted into a splendid establishment in which to give Nigger Minstrel entertainments. Back from the street, the hall is located. It was once used as a Jewish synagogue, and will not need a great deal of alteration to make it a fitting place for minstrel entertainments. The entrance, leading from Broadway, will be twenty-seven feet in width, and, fitted up in the most beautiful manner, will greatly add, on account of its pictorial embellishments, to the attractions of Broadway. It is contemplated to open the new hall on or about the 1st of July. Mr. Wood is now engaged in making up his company, and has already secured Cool White, R. Abecco, M. Ainsley Scott, Gustave Bideaux, and one or two others whose names we have not learned. Cool White is to be middle man, or interlocutor, and in that position he is equal to the best. We have not been informed who are thought of for the end, or funny business; and as this line of character is one of the great features of minstrel entertainments, Mr. Wood may experience some difficulty in getting the right sort of men. We don't know who there is to be had just now, without making a "reconnoissance in force" on the different shows already in existance. Birch and Cotton, two good men, are on their way to California. Charley Fox, another capital end man, is with Hooley & Griffin; Eph Horn is with Bryants; in fact, all the tip-toppers (don't make this topers, you compositor man) are under salaries with other organizations. Who can be got for the ends—for the ends must be kept up by the best comedians—in order to complete his troupe? Will he "import" some performers, or will he lay an embargo on some already engaged with other concerns. We shall soon hear, no doubt.

Talking of minstrelsy brings to mind the cause to which is attributable the great failure of Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels in Germany, of which failure mention has already been made in these columns. It appears that the Germans, unaccustomed to this sort of entertainment, expected to find the troupe composed of *real black men*, and when it was discovered that they were only *white* people, blacked up for the purpose of caricaturing the "Niggers," the German press and people denounced them in the most unmeasured terms, and stigmatized them as *impostors!* The public were informed (through the German press) in all seriousness, that Newcomb & Rumsey's Minstrels were base impostors—that the black could be rubbed off their faces—and that there was not a real Negro among them! The result was, that our minstrel friends were obliged to bring their performances to a very abrupt conclusion, or they might have been "assisted" out of the town. It is one of the most laughable things we ever heard of. Swei lager for Rumsey & Newcomb.

Miss Bateman finished her six weeks at the Winter Garden on the 31st ult., the occasion being marked with a benefit to the lady, for which Madame Strakosch, Miss Patti, Mr. Mollenhaur, and Master Pape contributed their services in a concert. The house was well-filled, and Miss Bateman, in answer to a call, made a neat little speech, in which she seemed to be "well up" in the text. Miss Bateman has been well received during her performances, and her affairs were very cleverly "worked up" by the gentleman entrusted with that important branch of the business. The lady will probably rest for a while, before attempting to "run the gauntlet" of "provincial" critics, as our set delight to term all "outside" newspaper people. Miss Bateman has been beautifully "noticed" by the New-York press, but her performances have not been honestly criticised. Should she come again, she must prepare herself for a little "touching up" by these self-same New-York critics.

The Bryants contemplate enlarging their hall this summer. The large room back of, and adjoining their premises, which has been used as a school-room, is now vacated, and the Bryant brothers have taken possession. The present stage will be thrown back, and the auditorium thereby considerably enlarged. It is thought that the alterations will enable them to accommodate about three hundred more persons than the place will now hold. The band will probably close their present season in July, when the alterations will be at once commenced, and in six weeks thereafter the necessary improvements will be completed, and the minstrels resume their business about the 1st of September. This hall is the same where the late E. P. Christy met with such success for several years, and where he laid the foundation of that fortune which, we fear, is to be made the subject of dispute hereafter. The Bryants have been equally successful since they took possession, and we hope that good fortune may continue to attend them; but we don't know about this change. We confess to a liking for the place as it is. To be sure, the hall is now too small to accommodate all their patrons, but this very fact assists in advertising them, and having them talked about. If they should not be able to fill the new hall, it will operate against them in more senses than one. But we trust that the Bryants may fill the new place to overflowing, and keep on their career of prosperity. This week they give us the "Raw Recruits" who fight for Abraham's supposed daughter.

This evening Mr. Eddy and Mrs. Farren terminate their engagement at the New Bowery. The balance of the week will be chiefly devoted to benefits—Harry Seymour's coming off on the 3d, shortly after which he leaves for Europe. Mr. S. E. Ryan has his night on the 6th. Business through the week not much.

The Enchantress will be performed for the last time on the 7th, at Niblo's. It will be followed by the opera of the Syren, on the 9th. Miss Richings, benefit is announced for the 6th.

Referring to benefits, let it not be forgotten that Thomas Baker, leader of the orchestra at Laura Keene's, is up for a benefit on the 4th inst., and it is to be hoped that his friends and admirers will rally to his support. Nothing is more enjoyable at Laura Keene's than the music, under the direction of Mr. Baker. He gives us those simple and beautiful airs which suit the popular taste, and dresses them up with novel effects, which add to their pleasing character. Cubas volunteers for Mr. Baker's benefit.

Mr. Hanchett, of the dramatic company performing in Oswego, N. Y., was in town last week. His company will remain in Oswego until the 4th of July.

So, then, it seems at last that the veteran Wallack closes up his season at Wallack's New Theatre, on the 7th, Mr. Treasurer Moss takes a benefit on the 9th, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence commence biz. on the 10th, for the "summer vacation." All that is wanted now would be to have John Brougham "come along" and "raise a ridiculous muss" at his old Lyceum, more recently known as

Wallack's old stand. This would, indeed, make our Broadway more than ever, what it is every day, one continued "International Exhibition." Let us fancy a telegram going by the Atlantic (over the "fields" and over the left) cable to John Brougham, at the "mere trifle" of one dollar per word, as thus:—"Friend John—Thou art the man wanted at the old Lyceum. Florences at Wallack's new house. Pretty women plenty. Irish hackmen charge extra for driving down town now. Broome street going to the bad, or else up town. Broadway more lively than ever. The nimble quarter does it. Pack up thy traps. Don't wait for the Scotia. Send answer (if any) in Dublin Latin." We rather think that such a message would "walk along John."

The dogs having had a trial of the show business at Barnum's Museum, the babies are to try it on this week; proud mothers and doting fathers will be present to receive the congratulations of the public upon the successful results of their laborious efforts to people the country. Babes with parents, and babes without parents will be there; and quite a number, probably, who "never *were* born," but, like Topsy, "growed," will lend variety to the scene. There will be a squally time of it this week at the Museum.

Horse-taming was exemplified by Mr. Rarey, at Cooper Institute, last week, the first exhibition being given on the 27th ult. Although the evening was unpleasant, the hall was about two-thirds full of spectators, who seemed well pleased with Mr. Rarey's experiments. One vicious beast injured his hostler, and smashed things considerably before he could be induced to face a "New York critical audience." And *in* their presence, he was very refractory and ill-mannered, and we were right glad when Mr. Rarey gave him a bit of his mind, and brought him to terms. His subjugation was a source of great satisfaction to those present, for it was not a sure thing that he would not "skedaddle" among the people, and kick up a shindy, much to their discomfort and disgust. The series of exhibitions were fairly attended, but were not equal, pecuniarily, to those which attended Mr. Rarey's first series, a couple of years ago. For the times, however, they may be put down as a success.

The Old Bowery had its share of what business there was, last week. The departure of volunteers for the war kept many patrons away in the early part of the week, but on Saturday night, there was a large attendance, and the week closed encouragingly. Mr. G. L. Fox has not yet appeared, but we understand that arrangements are being made by which the comedian will once more face the footlights.

Annetti Galletti, who has added so much to the interest of the Enchantress, at Niblo's Garden, is anticipating a starring tour, after her engagement terminates at Niblo's. We understand that Mr. Maguire, of San Francisco, has tendered her an offer, which she has under consideration. As a dancer, Galletti is far superior to many who claim a first place in the terpsichorean art.

Died, on Thursday, May 29, of consumption, D. A. Ryan, comedian, aged 28 years and 10 months. The funeral took place on the 1st inst., from the residence of his sister, 162 Avenue A, the remains being conveyed to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

Miss Mary Shaw has returned to New York, after fulfilling a number of engagements in our own, and the provinces of Canada.

The "Great Combination" will give three nights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this week. John Owens is now with this party.

The Winter Garden is closed. It was to have been opened this week by Professor Anderson, but the parties interested could not get things in readiness by the time originally calculated upon, and the public lose or gain a week by it, we don't know which. Monday, June 9, is now announced as the opening night, when a tempestuous burlesque is promised us. Let us all get ready to stand the storm, which, after all, may turn out to be only a "Tempest" in a Teapot.

We took a look in at Barnum's Baby Show this, Monday, morning. It is, without doubt, one of the richest exhibitions we have witnessed for some time. It is entirely original and unique, and takes the lead of everything the great showman has ever before presented to a curiosity-hunting public. Just imagine nearly a hundred juveniles, ranging from the age of a few months up to three years, of all stages of unctious development. Think of the little lot of infantile humanity being perched up on staging erected on each side of the Museum rooms, and each little one in the arms or under the immediate care of its lawful protector, and you will have some slight idea of the baby show. But the "developments" consequent upon the public exhibition of so large a collection of nurslings, are rich beyond example. Here you see a fine, fat, noisy "critter," deriving its hourly nourishment from nature's bounteous fount—and the *expenses* of the breast-works that result from the feeding process, are not few or unattractive by any means. There you see another process of infantile training and wrapping going on, from which a fragrant odor is *not* emitted. The beauty of it is, that these operations are performed almost as undisguisedly as if a staring public was a mere nonentity, something that was unworthy of notice or regard. Oh! it is a rich scene throughout, and a field for the study of nature worth a day's journey to witness. Prominent among the prodigies on exhibition, is the little infant, Albert Clark, who, though eight months old, is not bigger than one of the smallest of new born babes, and it does not weigh two pounds. But further description we shall have to defer until our next, as the exhibition was not under full headway on the day we go to press. In one sense, the show is disgusting.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken is still in the city. She has been engaged for the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and will commence at that house on the 9th inst. She will remain there one week, and will then, probably, try a short engagement at the New Bowery, in this city.

Frank Cardella was in town last week. He leaves for St. Louis, but will return in a few weeks, and then remain here.

Nixon is busily engaged in getting the "Cremorne" into shipshape order, and a very large force is at work on the improvements, alterations, etc. The opening is fixed for Monday next, June 9th. There will be circus performances, ballet, opera, and so forth. Cubas, we hear, will be present, to assist in the opening entertainment.

American Music Hall gives a good performance this week. Tony Pastor has returned from Philadelphia, and will open his budget of comicalities at the three 4's. The case of the "People versus Butler," was up again last week, but the "People" begin to see that they haven't such a sure thing of it, after all. The case will probably be decided this week. The "higher Courts" will have a say in the matter.

"Fanchon" is Miss Maggie Mitchell's opening piece at Laura Keene's Theatre on the 9th inst. A. H. Davenport is stage manager, and James Pilgrim acting manager.

DRAMATIC.

It is hinted that Manager Bates contemplates making some improvements in the National Theatre, Cincinnati, before the commencement of the next season. Is it possible? Has he counted the costs! The rumor *may* be true, but we doubt it.

Manager Henderson, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, is making his arrangements for the ensuing fall campaign, which will commence early in September. Parties wishing engagements, will please note advertisement in this department.

The People's Theatre, American Hall, Hartford, Connecticut, will close on Monday evening, June 2d, with a benefit to Mr. Tom Hampton, manager. The theatre has been open nearly six months, and we understand that Mr. Hampton has secured a lease of the theatre for next season, and while it is closed the place will be re-fitted. On Tuesday, June 3, the company open in New Haven, with Miss Lucille Western, and after performing there a few evenings, will proceed to Springfield, Mass., for a summer season.

The Howard, Boston, has recently produced, for the first time in this country, "The Lady in Black," and "My Pretty Jane." Must these productions be viewed as indicative of Wyzeman Marshall's course in such matters?

Manager J. W. Lanergan has organized his new company, and opens at his summer theatre in St. John, N. B., on the 9th June. "God save the Queen!"

Harry McGlenen, one of the most pleasant features of professional life in Boston, is now with a printing establishment in Washington street, having left "the Colonel's" old stand in State street. But our circus and theatrical friends are sure to find out where "all the good fellows go" to find out happy-hearted Harry.

McFarland's Theatre, at Ann Arbor, Mich., which opened on the 14th ult., closed on the 24th, on which latter occasion, the citizens tendered Miss Jessie McFarland a complimentary benefit. A correspondent, "M," says the house was crowded to overflowing. The company have since left for Jackson, but expect to return to Ann Arbor about the middle of June.

Seldon M. Irvin, of Cincinnati, was married, on the 15th of May, to Maria Rainforth, of Boston. So we are informed by a Cincinnati correspondent, who says that both are engaged for Wood's Theatre next season.

Among those actor soldiers now with McClellan, in front of Richmond, is Thomas N. Holmes. When the war broke out, Mr. Holmes was performing at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, but hearing the call for volunteers, he at once doffed the sock and buskin, and enlisted in the Milwaukee Guards, to try a little of the realities of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Mr. Holmes was in the action at Williamsburg, and says just as the boys were getting warmed up to their work, the rebels took it into their heads that "that 'ere piece of ground wasn't worth making such a tarnal fuss about," and as the Union forces wouldn't leave, the rebels did.

Barton Hill has been engaged for the season by Mr. J. W. Buckland, of the Theatre Royal, Montreal. Miss Alice Gray has also been engaged. Both are now performing there, having commenced on the 26th ult.

Joey Lewis, son of Manager Harry Lewis, has retreated to Boston, pretty well singed from the late disastrous fire in Troy, having lost wardrobe, books, and nearly all the "poor (actual) player's" stock in trade. As Joey is a good prompter, and also played his part well in Troy for the benefit of other sufferers, we think that our Boston friends will need but little prompting to give the poor prompter a lift as promptly as possible.

Mr. Leffingwell had a benefit at Wood's, Cincinnati, on the 28th May. The bill was "Marie de Rohan," and "Wallace, the Hero of Scotland."

The Howard, Boston, will soon have "Rookwood," and R. E. J. Miles as Dick Turpin, mounted on that highly trained and rarey-ed steed known as Minnehaha. Then "Putnam" is to follow. All right.

Some dramatic companies are said to be preparing for tours among the towns on the Upper Mississippi. St. Paul is described as about ripe enough for dramatic fruitions. Its nameke was not afraid to quote from the Greek dramatists in favor of good manners.

The theatre lately called "Confederate" in New Orleans, is now called "Poydras Street," and the new stage manager is D. J. Miller.

CARD.—"Pittsburgh, May 26. DEAR CLIPPER:—After a week's absence I return, and find the CLIPPER as usual lying upon my desk. In running my eye over the summary, a card attracted my especial attention signed "F. G.," in which the writer says you should look to the "veracity of the undersigned," etc., etc. I am much surprised at this card, from the fact that I *never* wrote what appeared in the CLIPPER in reference to Cubas and the flag, and have already distinctly stated so in your paper more than a week ago. But now for an explanation which I hope will set things right, and give "F. G." as good an opinion of my veracity as he once enjoyed. When Cubas danced here she appeared the second night in pantomime, which, I stated, *caused as much grumbling as anything which had occurred since Maggie Mitchell's last engagement, when she, Maggie, labored under the charge of having trampled on the American flag while in the South.* The next paper came out and stated that "our Pittsburgh correspondent says *Cubas* trampled on the American flag." Of course you will be able to guess at my surprise on reading the mis-statement, and I immediately sat down and wrote an emphatic contradiction of the charge, which appeared, cut down to two or three lines, in your last week's issue. The mistake must have been made by some one of your compositors, but how it could have been so glaring, I cannot imagine, as all who read or know anything of theatricals, etc., know that M'lle Cubas never visited the South. Now, in justice to myself, I ask that the whole of this brief statement be made in your columns as I have written it; for I should be very sorry to have M'lle Cubas or any one else believe that I am partial to writing that which I know to be wholly untrue.

NOW AND THEN."

[Our correspondent is correct. We were absent from the city at the time, and did not see the manuscript till last week. We find that, in cutting down the article sent by "Now and Then"—being pressed for room—one of our assistants attached an entirely different meaning to the remarks touching Cubas, than the writer intended: and what was said of Miss Mitchell was supposed to allude to Cubas. "Now and Then" was not quite so clear, however, in his first communication, as he is in the above, or the mistake would not have occurred. However, we acknowledge the error as our own, absolve our correspondent from all blame in the matter, and state, that Cubas has never been guilty of the offence so erroneously attributed to her.—ED. CLIP.]

Considering "the surrounding circumstances" at present near Louisville, Ky., the course of the Louisville Theatre seems to keep on tolerably serene. Miss Kate Fisher made her opening night in Louisville at that favorite house on the 24th May. The bill was "Masks and Faces," concluding with "The Young Actress," Kate Fisher giving Peg Woffington in the first, and the Protean assumptions in the afterpiece. On the 26th, "Dot" was given, and on the 28th "Two Loves and a Life," with "The French Spy." By way of showing "who's around" at the Louisville Theatre, we give the main cast with which Miss Kate Fisher was supported for "Masks and Faces:"—Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. Davis; Ernest Vane, Mr. Wildman; Colley Cibber, J. M. Dawson; Quin, Mr. Grierson; Triplet, B. Macauly; Snarl and Soaper, Krone and Gross; Lysimachus, Miss Young; James Burdock, Mr. Wight; Mrs. Ernest Vane, Miss Susie Schenck; Kitty Clive, Miss Amelia Hodges; Mrs. Triplet, Miss Noverre; Roxalana Triplet, Miss Corman. In the afterpiece, Kate gives the usual fine characters, fine songs, and so forth. J. M. Dawson is the stage-manager at present. Kate Fisher opens at the St. Louis Theatre, for Manager De Bar, on the 9th June.

John Collins did but a middling business at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, last week. This week he brings out the "Colleen Bawn," with Miss Alice Placide as the Colleen.

The "Great Combination" were advertised to appear at New Haven, Conn., on the 30th and 31st ult.

Mrs. J. B. Barrow took a farewell benefit at the Howard, Boston, on the 30th May, and then the stereoscopic mystery of the lady appearing in "two parts" was solved by her assuming the characters of Young Norval, in "Douglas," and Widow Cheerly, in "The Soldier's Daughter." Of course the benefit was a barrow full of Boston bumpers.

We cannot completely depend upon our items out from Kentucky way, in the present style of theatrical and post office affairs, but we learn from good authority that Manager S. Irwin was to open the Lexington (Ky.) Theatre on the 2d June, with Miss Maria Rainforth as leading lady, Mr. and Mrs. Walters, from the National, Cincinnati, and a fair stock company. Race week was on.

"Mazeppa" was to be produced at the People's Theatre, Denver, Colorado Territory, on the 19th of May. So say our advices down to the 17th. We may consider it as "a (severiel) feat accomplished," because Managers Langrishe & Dougherty have got "real horses" among their "stock."

Cubas has been doing very well in St. Louis. "Seneca," under date of May 27th, says:—"Senorita Cubas has been doing a most excellent business during the past, and so far of the present week; having a giant house at her benefit on Saturday night, the 24th, when she appeared as Finella, in 'Massaniello.' Cubas is the best dancer who has visited this city since Ynca Matthias, and in the ardent vivacity of her dancing, is unapproached by any one I have ever seen. She is lithe as a serpent, and muscular as a panther, with all the passionate fire and ardent *abandon* of a Bacchante. Her Spanish style is not so generally pleasing as the French; but no *man* can see Cubas without acknowledging her power and attraction. She is *unique*, and to me seems the embodiment of all that is graceful, sensuous, attractive, and beautiful in the dances of that quick-pulsed clime from which she comes. .....Hacket succeeds Cubas on the 2d June, so we may expect to see unctious Sir John Falstaff again. 'A plague take melancholy.'"

In the preceding issue of the CLIPPER, a brief notice appeared, to the effect that the Theatre Royal, Bath, in England, had been destroyed by fire on Good Friday—also that the conflagration was supposed to be purely accidental, occurring after the building had been left by its cleaners, and less than forty-eight hours subsequent to a public performance therein. We only reiterate these brief particulars as a preliminary to a more extended notice of the theatre in question, which is fully entitled to such at our hands; for though it was so far removed from hence, its long association with the theatrical world in both hemispheres, and its identification with a multitude of performers familiar to Americans, give to every detail of it, an interest which more than repays the trouble we take in the record. The Bath Theatre had stood for fifty-seven years, and was the most beautiful in the United Kingdom—the most convenient in all its appliances, with a collection of scenery and a wardrobe which put to the blush the like things belonging to the largest and the grandest of the London houses. The ceiling of the auditorium was famous throughout the civilized world—consisting for the most part of several masterly paintings, representing the muses. These gems of art were from the celebrated Fonthill Abbey, and originally the property of its eccentric owner, William Beckford. The theatre recently destroyed was the successor of another, which was changed from a place of public amusement into a Roman Catholic chapel, and exists, we believe, to the present day, as the same. For many years during its appropriation to theatrical purposes, it had justly been considered as the nursery of the drama—a character which was continued to the new building for a very long term. In the old theatre, that great Queen of Tragedy, Mrs. Siddons, made her first unmistakable impression on the public. There, too, did her brothers, John and Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Charles Young, Dowton, Elliston, Abbott, Liston, and many others whose names would exhaust our space, "strut and fret their hour," as actors, prior to their displays on the metropolitan boards; as it was on the stage of the new Bath Theatre, recently reduced to ashes, that these same persons showed after fame had declared for them. To them were added performers whom the American playgoer will remember well. It was there (the new theatre) that the veteran J. W. Wallack, for the past forty years the manager of different theatres in America, was wont to shine as a "star," in the intervals of his London engagements; that "Little Miss Povey," as she was then called, warbled her sweetest notes; that Clara Fisher, the "Prodigy," enacted Richard, Shylock, and Falstaff; and her brother John, the wide range of characters in which he was so effective; there, that Conway, the Forrest of America, in the earlier part of this century, invited the best sayings of the critics and the most gracious looks of the ladies; that John Braham sang his favorite songs to the loudest applause; that George Loder gained his musical education, as a flute-player, in the orchestra presided over by his uncle, the celebrated John; that William Davidge, now at the Winter Garden, was a favorite more than twenty years ago; and John Brougham appeared in genteel comedy when considerably less in bulk than he is now. The Seguins, Madame Sontag, Jim Crow Rice, Anna Bishop, the late W. E. Burton, with ever so many more who were well known here in their day, appeared at the Bath Theatre, as the bills of the establishment will attest, as well as the recollection of the old play-goers there. The place so recently destroyed was celebrated for things apart from its own beauty of decoration and excellence of build, its fine scenery and wardrobe, or the talent of its company. The city of which it formed so great an embellishment, had long been the most fashionable resort in England. A volume could have been filled with the bare enumeration of the style and title of the high folks periodically its visitors, and many volumes with the portraits of the fashionable belles, the nightly embellishment of the boxes. It was from this very circumstance, that good looks were considered a desideratum in the young actors who were to do the lovers; and it may be inferred that the same circumstances emulated these young actors to a degree which they might not else have reached. It is here again that we are reminded of the close connection of the Bath Theatre with the theatres of New York, Philadelphia, and other American cities, by the fact that Mr. John Mason, long the hero of the juveniles at the old Park, went through his initiation at the place which forms the subject of these details. Friend John was quite an Apollo in his green days, and an excellent actor, and now, if we err not, is a practicer of the healing art in the city of Philadelphia. Among the parties having a historical connection with the Bath Theatre, but whom we have not particularized, were Mr. Charles Kean and his wife, late Ellen Tree. In the brief notice of the theatre's destruction, given in our preceding issue, we stated that these two performers witnessed the accident. It must have been really a dramatic moment with them if they did—recalling the time when, unknown to one another, and comparatively unknown to the world, they served as it were their apprenticeship to their art, in that smouldering building; and doubtless, by the many professionals who may peruse these details, something will be felt, in connection with the beautiful temple of the drama recently destroyed, suggestive of the grand Shakespearean apostrophe:—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, yea, the great globe itself,
And all that we inherit, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a dream,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Manager J. W. Lanergan opens that summer box of his at St. John, N. B., on the 9th June, with self, W. H. Whalley, L. P. Roys, J. B. Fuller, W. S. Lennox, N. T. Davenport, W. H. Danvers, J. Flood, W. Benn, E. M. Leslie, Lampee, Nolan, Richards, Mrs. J. W. Lanergan, Misses R. Adams, Lucy Cutler, Lizzie Gale, Emma Leone, Mesdames Sylvester, Leslie and Flood. Some of these, of course, are not yet at liberty, but on the way, with a galaxy of stars.

The reports continue that S. W. Glenn and Humphrey W. Bland are about to open the Norfolk (Va.) Theatre.

John Wilkes Booth follows J. H. Hackett this week at McVicker's, Chicago.

Mr. H. B. Murphy, manager of the Platte Valley Theatre, Denver, has negotiated for three ladies and three gentlemen as additions to his present stock company, and we shall be able to publish the names as soon as the arrangements are perfected.

Reynolds & Rogers' Varieties, with Little Lola as the star attraction, performed five nights at Mount Morris, N. Y., ending on Friday, May 30th. They open at Nunda, N. Y., on the 2d, for one week.

CARD.—Boston, May 29, 1862.—FRANK QUEEN—Your correspondent's account of the "Avon Club's" amateur performance of "Macbeth," recently, at the Boston Theatre, does injustice to a worthy man, a very excellent amateur. Mr. James Pogle (the Macbeth of the evening) is a gentleman and a *scholar*, that would not and *did* not read in the manner described. I have myself played with him in the tragedy, and can vouch for his ability. Our worthy stage manager, Mr. J. P. Price, conducted the rehearsals, and managed the stage on the evening in question, and speaks in the highest terms of his performance of Macbeth. Mr. Bogle is by no means a stranger to the rules of elocution, and did not use language which was not in the text; neither is his "stage walk awkward." When managing some three years since, I played this gentleman in many principal leading Shakespearean characters with success; and that, too, in small cities where the audiences were intelligent and discriminative.

Yours, WM. W. PRATT, Howard Athenæum.

Old Jack Falstaff Hackett commences a one week's engagement at the St. Louis Theatre this, 2d inst. The season closes on the 26th inst.

Senorita Cubas and ballet troupe closed a two weeks' engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 31st ult. They return immediately to New York, and open at Nixon's Cremorne Garden, on the 9th inst.

Ladies and gentlemen desiring engagements at the Walnut, Philadelphia, will please notice advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

The "Seven Sisters" is announced to succeed Miss Heron at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. It is to be produced under the direction of Mr. J. E. McDonough.

The complimentary benefit intended for the the late John Drew, was tendered to his widow, at the Arch-street, Philadelphia, on the 30th ult. The Arch re-opens this evening, June 2d, with F. S. Chanfrau as the star. Chas. Gaylef's drama of "Bull Run" initiates the performances.

Miss Kimberly succeeds Mr. J. B. Roberts, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this evening, June 2d, opening as Capitola, in "The Hidden Hand." Dr. Cunnington's benefit takes place at this house on the 7th inst. He draws a good bow, and we hope he may be equally successful in drawing a good house.

The "Seven Sons" was being performed at Maguire's Metropolitan, San Francisco, at last accounts.

Miss Julia Daly has taken the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a short summer season, and will give her first performance there on the 9th inst. See advertisement in this issue.

The Martinettis are in their second season at the Lima Theatre. They were making money, on some nights the receipts reaching $1,000. They were to leave for Valparaiso soon. Mr. Hopkins, their agent, started in advance on the 20th. They will not, probably, return home for a couple of years yet. After leaving Chili, they will proceed to Buenos Ayres, and make their way homeward by way of Cuba.

MUSIC HALLS.

Wilmington, Delaware, has been nearly as badly off for music halls as New York city, although the former place does not "enjoy the benefits" of a puritanical law in relation to amusements. Union Hall is nightly well attended, as it has always been, under its present management. The company is large, and each person good in his or her particular sphere. The company consists of the following persons:—Mrs. Janke, ballad singer; Annie Clare (Philadelphia Annie), fancy dancer; Billy Mathews, bones and comedian; Bob Sheppard, tamborinist and utility; T. H. Hollis, jig dancer and balladist; Chip Moon, Chinese juggler.

The last arrival at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, (so many it is hard to keep the run of them), is Fanny Thompson, *danseuse*, who commenced on the 26th May. Deagle seems determined to keep up with and ahead of the times, and spares no expense to make the Varieties the *Ne plus ultra* of Concert Halls. Kate Pennoyer leaves New York on the 6th June to join the Varieties, and a "French Corps de Ballet" are to leave the same city for the same place in a few days. This week Deagle will produce "The Nondescript and the Flying Woman," which has been in preparation for a long time. Prices will also be slightly advanced. S. S. Purdy, in opposition to Cubas, has been billed as the "Beautiful Purdy," and the bewitching Joe Mairs does his *danseuse* business about as well as most of them.

M'lle Velarde (Milly Peters), for seven months past engaged with Geo. Deagle, in St. Louis, has retired from the Varieties, and is open for engagements. Seneca says:—"It affords me pleasure to say of Velarde, what can be said of few dancers: she is a good dancer, a lady, and most strictly attentive to and obliging in her business. St. Louis friends of several years will echo what I state."

On the 17th of May, the new Metropolitan Concert Hall, in Wilmington, Del., opened with a very clever concert troupe, under the management of Mr. Joseph Krusen, a young man in the business, but enterprising. The ladies of the company are the Forrest sisters, Miss Nellie Huntley, Miss A. Miller, Miss Nichols, and some five or six ballet girls, overseered by Mons. Paul Cane. There is also Mr. John Landis, Ole Bull, Dick Myers, Professor Nichols, the India Rubber Man, John Heany, the comedian, and a Master Paul Cane, and Master Nichols, with Professor Mohart, as leader of the orchestra, together with a brass band, who give a free concert on the balcony of the hall every evening. They have done a good business since the opening.

Miss Mary Walton, vocalist, now at Washington, complains that she was engaged by one S. Eldred to go with him to Fredericksburgh, Va., but that after getting there, he did not open the hall, and refused to pay Mary her salary, or see that she got back to Washington. She is very severe on Eldred, and says some very ugly things about him.

Wyman's Hall, St. Louis, has not yet been galvanized into life.

The Toledo Opera House is the title of a music hall now in operation in Toledo, Ohio. Messrs. Blake & Hayes are the managers.

A grand complimentary testimonial to Mr. Wm. Butler, manager of the Melodeon, Philadelphia, was arranged to take place at that house on Monday evening, 2d inst. In addition to the regular company performing, a number of volunteers will assist to make the attraction complete. "Mazulm, the Night Owl," is still on, with the great Hernandez in the principal part.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels opens this Monday evening, June 2d, in Buffalo, N. Y. They have thus far met with much favor in their travels.

Sanford's Minstrels showed at New Haven on the 26th and 27th ult., to moderate business.

George Christy's Minstrels have come to an untimely end. The company collapsed in Buffalo last week, and George left for New-York on the 28th.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels have had the field to themselves in Philadelphia, and are giving very good entertainments at Sanford's Opera House, in Eleventh street.

The troupe known as George Christy's Minstrels are terribly pitched into by the Buffalo papers of the 29th. The company, it seems, had been performing there for a few nights to what one of the papers calls "skeleton" audiences, and in consequence, certain bills, when presented for settlement at the treasurer's office, were not liquidated. There must have been some trouble between Christy and his men, for another of the papers says that the former stated that he "had no identification with the company." The forces under Christy comprised J. Clairville, C. Campbell, W. Arlington, F. Hasham, C. Abbott, R. W. Corwin, F. Richter, F. Spring, J. Bailey, F. Boniface, Frank Tryon and Japanese Tommy. As the company were under George's management, it seems a little singular that he should deny that he was connected with them. We do not think that *all* the members of the concern are deserving of censure for the shortcomings of their manager. They were engaged by him, at stated salaries, and the manager's repudiation of his bills should not subject the members of the troupe to condemnation. The Buffalo *Morning Express*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Courier and Republic*, are all equally severe upon George Christy's Minstrels, and caution the public against them. We are not surprised at the turn affairs have taken in regard to this band, for when they started out we had our misgivings about the concern. George Christy is now without a company, some of the late members of the party repudiating him.

After leaving Buffalo, Duprez & Green's Opera Troupe appears at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 5th and 6th; Auburn, 7th, and so on to Albany.

Charley Morris' Minstrels were in Toledo, Ohio, on the 29th, and 30th ult.

Hooley's Minstrels are in Philadelphia this week. They are giving entertainments at Musical Fund Hall, commencing on the 2d inst.

CIRCUSES.

We are given to understand that some of our travelling circus companies have been quite successful thus far this season, and we are glad to record the fact. Thayer, Noyes & Co's Great United States Circus is among the fortunate ones, we are pleased to learn. Among the company with this concern is Eaton Stone, the great rider, who has achieved a high reputatation in Europe as well as in America. Eaton performs his great Indian act, while Jimmy Robinson appears in those special acts which have given him such a name in the business. The company were at last accounts making their way toward Canada.

Antonio Brothers' Great World's Circus was billed to show in Madison, Indiana, on the 30th inst.

The R. Sands Circus performed in Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 23d of May, and in Detroit on the 28th and 29th.

Robinson & Lake's Circus will show at Detroit on the 6th and 7th of June. Dan Rice's concern will follow, an the 9th and 10th.

One of our New Haven correspondents gives some droll descriptions of the way in which the authorities of that city (like others) "looked in" lately at Lent's Hippozoonomadon Company, just to see if everything was "all right," especially the dead-head biz. They lent Brother Lent the light of their countenances.

De Haven's Union Circus pitched tent for one day only, at Madison, Wis., on the 30th ult. Ten per cent. of the receipts were given to the Soldiers' Aid Society. Good for the Union.

We have some word from Dr. Bassett's Circus, now in South America. Mr. E. D. Bassett, brother of the Doctor, arrived here on the 31st, from Peru. He informs us that the circus was doing a fair business, in the northern part of Peru. They were to leave in a few weeks for Callao, and then proceed to Chili.

Montary, the skeleton, under Dr. Bassett's management, was doing very well, and made considerable money in exhibiting from Callao to Valparaiso. At last accounts he was at Santiago, Chili.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jerome Blitz opened in Cohoes, N. Y., on the 26th ult., for two nights. E. A. Gulick is his business agent.

Signor Blitz has been engaged by the Young Men's Association of Albany, N. Y., to give a series of entertainments in Albany, on or about the 10th of June. The Blitz's are within gun shot of one another; hope no one will be killed.

Jas. E. Murdoch gave a reading in Albany on the 29th.

The "Wild Men of Borneo" have been coining money in Schenectady; they left on the 27th. Wattie Rusher, our correspondent, says:—"I have made the following calculation in relation to one of them: I have estimated that Plutano walks 250 feet per minute; this, at eight hours per day, would be 120,000 feet; he is on exhibition 313 days in a year; this would amount to 37,560,000 feet. Messrs. Harvey & Warner, the proprietors, estimate the number of years they have thus walked to be eighteen. This would make 676,080,000 feet. The distance around the circumference of the earth is 25,000 miles; at 5,280 feet per mile, this would be 132,000,000 miles. Dividing the number of feet he has walked in eighteen years by this last amount, we have a quotient of five and a fraction remaining: so that this little freak of nature *has actually measured the circumference of the globe more than five times!*"

Mr. Anthony, of Schenectady, is about to enlarge his hall. It is not in a pleasant position, and the people of Schenectady do not by any means seem partial to it. Could he not try one on State street better suited to the population?

The "Genuine Old Folks' Concert Troupe," minus "Pappy" Kemp, gave two entertainments in Albany during last week. Emma Nichols, the charming vocalist, is still with the Old 'Uns. Kemp is sermonizing near Boston; houses good.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers, from Ballston Spa, opened in Schenectady on the 30th for two nights. On Monday night they dedicate Rand's new hall in Troy, N. Y. The entire proceeds will be given to the Mayor of the city for the sufferers by the late fire.

Tom Thumb closed his season at the New Opera House, Buffalo, on the 31st ult. He now goes into retirement at his villa at Bridgeport, Conn., until October, when he leaves for California and Australia. His business agent, Mr. Alfred Cately, will be in New-York this week.

Heller, the magician, commenced his *soirees magique* in St. Louis, on the 29th ult. Fred Hunt is his agent.

Whiston, the Humorist, performed at Clifton Springs, N. Y., on the 28th; at Canandaigua on the 30th, and at Pen Yan, N. Y., on the 31st. Will also show at the latter place on the 3d inst. J. D. Leonard is his business manager.

Pine's Hall, Poughkeepsie, is a desirable place for exhibitions, concerts, and various entertainments of the kind. It will accommodate 1400 persons—is furnished with comfortable seats, and well fitted. See the proprietor's advertisement in this issue.

Speth & Stanton gave their Stereopticon Entertainment at Newport, Ky., last week.

A good violin player is wanted to travel with a juvenile troupe. See advertisement in this department.

Madame Bishop was in Toledo on the 23d and 24th ult., and did well the first, but not so well on the second evening.

The Aquarial Gardens, Boston, have been purchased by P. T. Barnum, who retains James A. Cutting in the general management. The adjoining property has a stage, hall, etc., so Moses Kimball must look out.

W. E. Sheridan, formerly of the Howard, Boston, is said to have been killed while serving as a lieutenant in an Ohio regiment at the late battle near Pittsburgh Landing.

Fitzgerald Tasistro recites "Hamlet" at Brewster's Hall, New Haven, on the 3d June.

We confess that there is some truth in the report that our printers have had their front-rank men reinforced with some tall recruits for grappling with such words as "hippozoonomadon," "physocomantheum," etc.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble will give four readings in Philadelphia this week.

"Hoity, toity!" seems an appropriate expression while reading some of our recent correspondence from Hayti, especially in relation to the carryings on of Mr. Keller. Readers may remember the exposures we published last fall in relation to Keller's cruel treatment of the children in his troupe while at Havana, and other places. We then had the satisfaction of calling the attention and enlisting the kind intervention of such gentlemen as Mayor Wood in this city, with the American Consul, General B. W. Shufeldt at Havana, and Captain Richard Adams of the Havana-Line steamer Columbia. Let that pass. What we did for those poor and much-abused children is already well known to the parties concerned. Mr. Keller's American creditors will now be somewhat interested in learning that his abilities have taken a more Jeremy Diddler style of operation—or, in other words, have taken that style in a more prominent manner—the ill treatment of children being found somewhat unprofitable. The game now appears to be something like this. Subscription lists are prepared by Mr. Keller, ostensibly for the purpose of building or fitting up a new theatre. This promised result is said to be neglected altogether in some cases, and sometimes an old or burnt-out building, little better than a stable, is about the principal fruition of the money thus advanced. The theatre is then made the excuse for getting into local debts, the board of the company is "forgotten" to be paid, the performers are put into great disgrace, and nobody seems to be a gainer except Mr. Keller, and one Mr. Vergani, who appears to be a sort of agent, but acts much more as a confederate. They recently chartered a schooner to remove themselves and troupe, (finding that Port-au-Prince had got rather too warm for Mr. Keller's comfort,) but were arrested and lodged in jail up to latest advices, 5th May. Keller contrived to faint when arrested, but public opinion is naturally much against him, and "Mrs. Myra Davis, one of the victims," is our principal authority for most of these items. Mr. Keller certainly does seem to have an unenviable reputation, and we regret not having anything new to record in his favor.

AMATEUR.

THE EVERETT TESTIMONIAL.—The testimonial tendered to Mr. S. B. Everett came off as previously announced. The programme was varied and creditable to the management in the selection of it. The performance opened with the dying scene of Adrastus, from "Ion." The part of Ion, essayed by Mr. Tighe, was performed in a very fair manner; the only fault to be found with him was imperfection in his text. Adrastus, by E. S. Keene, was good. The other characters, by the Messrs. Gordon and Alvin, were cleverly rendered. "Ion" was succeeded by the first act of "Hamlet," in which Mrs. George Tyrrell, as the Queen, figured every inch a Queen. Miss Kate Belmont, as Ophelia, was very excellent in her reading, but showed some little nervousness, which somewhat marred the general effect of her performance. Mr. T. W. Keene, as the Prince, was immense. He seems to have made this particular and difficult character his great study. With one objection, which is twisting his mouth into curious shapes, T. Wallace Keene may be said to be one of the best Hamlets now on the amateur stage. J. T. Reville, as the King, showed very careful study, and a due appreciation of the text of the immortal bard. Mr. Martin Everett, as Horatio, did not fully conceive the important part left to his care; where he announces that the cock crows, he became confused, and reversed the text, much to the amusement of his auditors. Mr. B. R. Masterson, as the Ghost, had a good conception of his lines; his stage walk, however, seems a little awkward. Mrs. Folwell, as Laertes, and Mrs. Donahue, as Polonius, were not the worst representatives of the characters we have ever seen. The scene from "The Wife" was next performed, in which we had Mr. Tighe, as St. Pierre, and we can only reiterate that had this gentleman only been up in the text of the play, he would really have proved excellent; his actions and presence were fine. Mr. Gordon, as the Duke, was well up, and made an impression on his auditors that he could do better. In the prison scene, from "La Tour de Nesle," Mrs. Everett had a deserved reception. As Marguerite, we should judge, from the easy manner of her rendition, that she was perfectly at home in this style of character; had we space, we should speak further of her playing. C. S. Keene, as Capt. Buridan, we have no fault to find with, excepting the "ugh" at the end of every sentence. The Orsini and Landri, of Messrs. Brooks and Alvin, showed their good points. In the closing play of the "Wandering Boys," the Misses Weston showed themselves in their best style. The male dress on these ladies became them exceedingly well. Miss Clifton, as Marcelline, looked and played exceedingly well. Ada Clifford looked pretty as Louise, and played much prettier. Mr. Gordon, as the Count, played very well, but we detected a pair of pantaloons under the domino which he wore, a costume which we think was never worn before by any representative of the Count. Mr. Reville, as Roland, impressed us with the belief that his *forte* is the stage villain. Miss Kate Belmont, as the Countess, seemed more self-possessed than as Ophelia, and played with much more force and spirit. The minor parts were cleverly sustained by Messrs. Conway, Brown, C. Gordon, and Alvin, and the performance was interspersed with singing throughout. On account of want of space we cannot particularize the many singers, with the exceptions of Messrs. Solomon, Braham, and Williamson.

BENEFIT OF B. R. MASTERSON.—This takes place at Turner Hall, Orchard Street, on the 26th May. T. Wallace Keene, President.

RIFLE SHOOTING AT GALT, C. W.—On Saturday, May 24, the members of the Galt Rifle Company had a shoot for prizes. The target was placed in the old stone quarry, the distance shot being a trifle over 200 yards. The following prizes were awarded: 1st prize, a silver cup, Henry Jaffray; 2d, a silver cup, Col.-Sergeant John Kay; 3d, a gold pencil, John Bittman; 4th, $1, Alex. McKenzie.

THE TRIGGER.—A pigeon-shoot was to have taken place on the

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee,
He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty;
So fair and so good, and so gentle was she,
That lovers came wooing from country and city.
The best and the boldest to ask for her hand,
Was a trimly dressed dandy, who worshipped her—"tin,"
She replied with a smile he could well understand,
"That she'd marry no Ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired,
Rich, gouty and gruff, a presuming old sinner—
Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired,
And thought to himself, "I can easily win her."
So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow,
And said she might live there, but wickedly then,
Kitty told him she long ago made a rash vow,
"Not to marry a Bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next: he was fearless and bold
In claiming his right to Miss Kitty's affection;
He said she'd not want for a home while his gold
Could pay for a cabin to give her protection!
Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice,
She curtseyed, and thanked him, and blushingly then
Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice,
"Not to marry a Hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy,
He feared the bold wooers who came from the city;
But the flush on his cheek, and the light in his eye,
Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.
"My life will be one of hard labor," he said;
"But, darling, come share it with me if you can."
"I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head,
"I must marry the Farm for the sake of the man!"

From the (London) Leisure Hour.

FIRE-DOOMED CITIES.

"BEHOLD how a great matter a little fire kindleth." Witness the unextinguished embers left by many a camping-party in nature's wilds. Fanned by the breeze, and wafted a few yards to dry grass or stubble, a conflagration has been sent roaring over leagues of prairie ground, consuming miles of forest, driving the wild animals away in terror, and the smoke of the country has gone up like the smoke of a furnace. The overheating of a baker's oven once set London in a blaze, and reduced half the metropolis to ashes, from the Tower to Temple Bar. This event, the Great Fire of our annals, occurred in the year after the Great Plague. It broke out early in the morning of Sunday, September second, 1666, close to the present Monument, and raged for four days and four nights with unabated fury. Every thing favored the progress of the devouring element. The dwellings were generally of wood, pitched on the outside; the roofs were thatched; the streets were narrow, the upper stories of the houses on opposite sides projected so as nearly to touch each other; the wood-work was dry and combustible, owing to the heat and drought of the preceding month; and at the same time the wind blew furiously from the east. Thus aided, the fire-king marched victoriously from east to west, and took possession of more than four hundred acres of ground. He made his meal of four hundred streets and lanes, thirteen thousand houses, eighty churches, besides chapels and public buildings, and gormandized over from ten to fifteen millions worth of private property. His course was only arrested when the wind abated, and an immense gap was made by the blowing up of the buildings in the path of the flames.

There are several contemporary accounts of this terrible catastrophe, but none more real and striking than that of John Evelyn. "Oh!" remarks he, "the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happily the world hath not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round about. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like! The noise, cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about was so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon, burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day." A pious ballad-writer of the times states, in allusion to St. Paul's:

"For five long hours the fire did burn
The roof and timbers strong;
The bells fell down; and we must mourn,
The wind it was so strong,
It made the fire
To blaze the higher,
And do the church still greater wrong.

"O London! think on thine amiss,
Which brought this great mishap;
Remember how thou lived in bliss,
And laid in Vice's lap.
Oh! now begin,
Repent thy sin,
And say it shall no more entrap."

Though few lives were lost, yet the suffering was immense, from want of food and necessary exposure in the open fields. Evelyn tells us that he went "toward Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they had saved from the fire." But while a great immediate evil, an immense advantage was the final result, as better dwellings and broader streets took the place of the filthy dens and narrow lanes where plague and pestilence had been nurtured.

Of all cities of the modern epoch, and perhaps of ancient times, Moscow has suffered the most fearfully from fires. In 1536, it was nearly consumed, and two thousand persons perished. But this calamity was trifling to the dismal catastrophe of 1571, when beleaguered by the Tartars. They fired the suburbs, and a furious wind carried the flames into the heart of the capital, which the inhabitants could not quit except to die by the sword. A Dutch merchant who was present at the scene, and whose account is preserved in the Harleian MSS., speaks of the event as like a storm of fire, owing not only to the wind, but to the streets being "paved with great fir trees set close together, oily and resinous," while the houses were of the same material. Thousands of the country-people had taken refuge in the city from the public enemy. The poor creatures ran into the market-place, and were "all roasted there, in such sort that the tallest man seemed but a child, so much had the fire contracted their limbs—a thing more hideous and frightful than any can imagine." "The persons," he adds, "that were burnt in this fire, were above two hundred thousand"—an exaggeration, doubtless, but an indication of a horrible incident.

A still more stupendous conflagration was the burning of Moscow in 1812, owing to its increased extent. If attended with fewer horrors, they were sufficiently rife, for all who could not fly—the sick, infirm, and wounded—inevitably perished. Upon the approach of the French invaders, and the loss of the great battle of Borodino, it was determined to abandon the old capital of the czars; and on Sunday, September fifteenth, its three hundred thousand inhabitants were suddenly aroused from a sense of security, by a peremptory order to quit their houses, while the Russian army of defence filed through the midst of them in full retreat. On the morrow, the officers of the government and the police withdrew; the prisons were thrown open; and none were left but the incapable, and those who remained to execute the secret orders of the authorities. Toward evening the advanced guard of the enemy arrived, and before midnight Napoleon was in the Kremlin. The city, with its churches and palaces of semi-Asiatic architecture, rising above an immense mass of private dwellings, must have presented a strange, solemn, and even awful spectacle to the new-comers. Not a Moscovite was to be seen; not a chimney smoked; not a sound was heard. An unclouded moon illuminated those deserted streets, vacant hotels, and empty palaces. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

Scarcely were the French established in their new quarters, when smoke and flames were observed issuing from houses closely shut up in different districts. By Tuesday evening, the fifteenth, the fires had assumed a menacing aspect, distracting by their number, the efforts made to quench them, while a high wind rapidly connected them with each other, and wrapped Moscow in a vast sheet of flame. Midnight was rendered as bright as day, for at that hour, at the distance of nearly a league, Dumas could read the dispatches forwarded to him by the light of the burning metropolis. Thirty thousand houses, seven thousand principal edifices, and fourteen thousand inferior structures, were reduced to ashes. The private loss is supposed to have exceeded thirty millions sterling. "Palaces and temples," writes Karamsin, the Russian historian, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury; the remaining of past ages, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors and the nursery cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed." Napoleon shuddered at the sight as ominous of a series of disasters, and was compelled to decamp precipitately. Much mystery has been affected with reference to this transaction. But there can be little doubt that, as it was intended to dislodge the French, it was the work of Rostopshchin the Governor, carefully prepared for, with the full consent of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh. He was observed to bring along with him, on joining the army, a number of fire-engines. On being asked why he had brought such things, he replied that he had "good reasons for doing so. Nevertheless," he added, "as regards myself, I have only brought the horse I ride, and the clothes I wear."

"By their own hands their much-loved homes were fired,
By their own hands their thousand fanes expired;
Fierce burn the flames, that waft to yonder skies
The incense of the patriot sacrifice.
The wide bazaar, within whose stately walls,
A kingdom's ransom filled the golden halls,
Rich as the fabled Phœnix' funeral-bed,
In one full blaze of perfumed flame has fled;
Tower kindles tower, and fires on fires arise;
To aid the dreadful death the tempest flies,
Speeds with the swiftness of the mountain storm,
To where the Kremlin rears his iron form;
With wreathed flames his regal towers are crowned,
While hollow whirlwinds dance and moan around."

It is a curious fact that, the year after the fire, seeding aspen plants sprang up every where among the ruins of the city. That tree is very abundant in Russia, particularly in the woods around Moscow. The seeds had been wafted by the winds; and if the inhabitants had not returned to the site, it would speedily have become one immense forest.

A prominent place belongs to Constantinople in the list of fire-doomed cities. In 1729, a conflagration which raged three days consumed twelve thousand houses, and no less than seven thousand persons; another, in 1745, of five days' duration, proved fatal to six thousand; a third, in 1751, cost a thousand lives; a fourth, in 1756, destroyed two thousand; a fifth, in 1791, the most destructive of all, swept away thirty thousand dwellings, and nearly eight thousand of their inmates. The Danish capital comes next to the city of the Sultan. Three times in the last century was Copenhagen burnt almost to the ground, and during the bombardment of 1807 a fire broke out which lasted three days, when four thousand persons perished. Gothenburg in Sweden, Flushing in Holland, Gabel in Bohemia, Gera in Saxony, and Geneva, may be added to the dismal catalogue. But no calamity of this nature, in the present century, has equaled that which befell the old city of Hamburgh, in 1842, as to the value of the property destroyed, estimated at more than eight millions sterling, when the lives of three hundred persons are supposed to have been sacrificed, and most of the important public buildings were laid in ruins.

In recent times, our metropolis has become notorious for the number of its fires, though its architecture is more solid and incombustible than ever; for no considerable period is required to render residents perfectly familiar with the red glare in the heavens, and the rattle of the fire-engines in the streets, driven at a furious rate to the scene of danger. In not a few instances the element has put forth its strength upon a gigantic scale, as in the destruction of the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and the Horse Armory in the tower. But the fire of last June, in Tooley street, by the river side, has had no parallel in our oft-blazing capital, within the memory of man, for havoc, grandeur, and terribleness; and certainly no disaster of the kind ever excited so strongly and widely a feeling of insecurity for person and property. Every thing was in favor of its speedy extinguishment in the incipient stage. It was not in the dead of night that ignition commenced by the spontaneous combustion of hemp and jute, but on a summer afternoon, while numerous workmen were pursuing their labors on the different floors of a great warehouse, one of whom actually saw the conflagration in its germ. The building was not an old, crazy, dry edifice of wood and plaster, but one perfectly new, constructed on the most approved principles of architecture, and supplied with every conceivable provision to prevent or put out a fire. There were stone staircases, and strong party walls, with iron doors between the rooms. There were tanks, pipes, and force-pumps, for the distribution of water. The most powerful engines were speedily at work, both in the street and on the river, with a trained brigade of firemen under the direction of an experienced chief. Yet in a very few hours the first puff of smoke was represented by three acres of flame flaring to the sky, in which superb ranges of supposed fire-proof buildings perished like so many wicker baskets, while all the engines of the city and suburbs, though pouring out cataracts of water, were as useless to check the devastation as if they had been children's squirts.

Half the inhabitants of the metropolis flocked to the sight—and it was worth seeing. At first the strong light of a summer's evening obscured the artificial illumination; but as the night fairly set in, toward nine o'clock, its intensity became awfully conspicuous, and was not only visible, but strikingly so, thirty miles off. All the great public buildings in the neighborhood, the Custom House and the Monument, with the dingy Thames, seemed red-hot, as if on fire themselves, owing to the vivid glow cast upon them. The spectacle was continually presenting fresh phases—now horrible and grand, then superbly beautiful, anon picturesque, strange, and wonderful, especially as melted tallow and oil got upon the surface of the river, and set afloat little islands of flame upon it. Almost every part of the globe contributed materials to the burning, consisting of the most varied substances, generally of an inflammable kind, which fleets of merchantmen had been employed to bring to port; and instructively have the contents of the great river side warehouses been revealed by the tremendous glare of the huge fiery torch they helped to form. There were vast quantities of tea from China, cotton from America, sugar from Brazil and the West Indies, jute from the East Indies, palm oil from the coast of Africa, sperm oil from the North and South Seas, nutmegs and spices from Borneo, pepper from Cayenne, wool from South Africa and Australia, tallow from Russia, ginger from Jamaica, coffee from Trinidad and Ceylon, rice from Charleston, and Patna hides from South America, flax and hemp from Belgium and the Baltic countries, silk from Turkey. Tons of rags for paper making may be added to these articles, tons also of arsenic, barrels of white lead, carboys of aquafortis, hogsheads of turpentine, casks of yellow ochre, with quantities of glue, clover seed, peas, bacon, figs, goat skins and buffalo horns. The oddest agglomerations of discordant substances were found among the ruins, fused in the strongest combinations, some of which emitted, simultaneously, an offensive and a strongly aromatic odor.

The event has justly shaken confidence in our mode of constructing buildings to resist fire. Science seems here completely at fault; for all its provisions of party walls of immense strength, iron girders, pillars, and doors, have been in this instance of no avail against the combustion of a little bundle of hemp. Mr. Braidwood, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, who lost his life on the occasion, to the great regret of every one, always protested against the use of cast iron in the construction of great warehouses. The iron expands with the heat, and thrusts down the most solid walls, or, when red hot, it snaps like glass in contact with water from the engines, and the floors at once give way. The most gifted scientific genius will be well employed in attempting to devise some more trustworthy plan of building. It is clear also from the catastrophe, that the means at the disposal of the metropolitan fire brigade are wholly inadequate to cope with any conflagration of magnitude, such as may arise any night in the densely crowded city, when it might be left to the contingency of the atmosphere being calm, or the wind blowing in a safe direction, whether St. Paul's continued to overlook the capital, or a pile of cinders surmounted the mausoleum of Nelson and Wellington. More powerful engines, and a greater number of them, are needed, with a better organization; and when we lavish millions on the arts and instruments of aggressive and defensive war, it is not creditable to our wisdom to leave the metropolis mainly dependent for suppressing fires upon the brigade voluntarily sustained by the insurance companies, considering the immense masses of wealth and the numerous lives that are at stake, when the night sky is reddening over it.

THE THISTLE, SHAMROCK, ROSE, AND LEEK.—The traditional origin of the national emblems of Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales are said to be as follows:—When the Dane invaded Scotland, they resolved to avail themselves of a night attack, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefoot. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a Thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with terrible slaughter.

St. Patrick, who lived about A.D. 432, is said to have used the trefoil of the Shamrock in teaching the people the meaning of the Trinity, since which time it has been the accepted symbol of Irish nationality. The good old saint died March 17, 493 A.D., aged 120 years.

The Rose, the queen of flowers, has been adopted as a national emblem ever since the wars of York and Lancaster, the red rose being the symbol of Lancaster, and the white rose that of York, which were united by Henry VII. Of course, everybody is aware that England claims the Rose.

The Leek is placed by tradition as far back as March, 640, but none of the Welsh bards allude to it, and the antiquity of the custom of wearing leeks on St. David's day may be fairly disputed. It appears that the leek was assumed upon or immediately after the battle of Bosworth Field by the body guard of Henry VII, who had many Welshmen about him. The Tudor colors being green and white, were well represented by the leek.

EUCHRE AND THE EUCHRED.—Charles E. Richards hails from a country town and came to Boston on a time last week. Saturday night he found himself in a North End brothel enjoying the conversation of two bewitching females named Mary E. Jones and Mary Welch. After drinks came cards, and Richards, who aspires to be a sporting man, and is on his make, proposed to one of the young ladies to play a game of euchre to see whether she should render him a slight service in her line at half-price, or receive half a dollar from him. She took up his offer, beat him, and he paid her the half dollar. There were several other gambling performances, and finally Richards missed his watch. This morning both the women were brought in on a charge of stealing it. Welch was discharged, but the other was sentenced to two months in the House of Correction. She appealed, and was held in $200. This is Shaking Down Case No. 1; we have two more of them.—*Boston Herald, May 27.*

JEFF. DAVIS, JR., OR YOUNG DIXY.—Once there was a lit-tle boy on-ly four years old. His name was Dix-y. His fath-er's name was I-sham, and his moth-er's name was All-sham. Dix-y was very smart. He could drink whis-ky, fight chick-ens, play poker, and cuss his moth-er. When he was on-ly two years old he could steal su-gar, hook pre-serves, drown kit-tens, and tell lies like a man. Dix-y died and went to the bad place. But the Devil would not let Dix-y stay there, for he said, "When you get big, Dix-y, you would be Head Dev-il your-self." All lit-tle Reb-els ought to be like Dix-y, and so they will if they will stud-y the Con-fed-er-ate Prim-er.

NOT UNLIKE THE BENICIA BOY.—Admirable Crichton stood 6ft. 6in., and was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Burns had the strength of two ordinary men. Cunningham was as big and as strong as Anak. Smollet was a wiry chap, and could use his "fives" with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Wilson, nothing but his first rate genius prevented him from sporting the champion's belt against all comers. Hogg was a strong, well-built man, and scores more might be cited, including Dr. Johnson, Andrew Thomson, Belzoni, etc.

THE human body consists of 240 bones, 9 joinings, 100 cartilages and ligaments, 400 muscles and tendons, and 100 nerves, besides blood, arteries, veins, glands, stomach, intestines, lungs, heart, liver, kidneys, etc., etc.

THE temperature of the blood in man is 98 deg., in sheep 102 deg.; in ducks 107 deg.; in ague the temperature in man falls to 94; in fever it rises to 104.

FEATHERS versus BIRDS.

BY JACK GIFFIN.

A Peacock came with his plumage gay,
Strutting in regal pride one day,
Where a little bird hung in gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage.
The bird sang on, while the peacock stood
Vaunting his plumes to the neighborhood:
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that basked in his golden light.
But the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
"'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds;"
The peacock strutted—a bird so fair
Never before had ventured there
While the small bird hung at the cottage door,
And what could a peacock wish for more?
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He wasn't contented—he tried to sing!
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming, soon took to flight,
While the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
"'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

MORAL.

Then, prithee, take warning, maidens fair,
And still of the peacocks fate beware;
Beauty and wealth won't win our way,
Though they're attired in plumage gay;
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show;
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else small beauty is left behind!
While the little birds sing, in their own true words,
"'Tis not fine feathers that make fine birds."

SUT LOVEGOOD'S SHIRT.

THE first person I met was "Sut" (after crossing the Hiwassee) "weaving and moving along" in his usual rambling, uncertain gait; his appearance at once satisfied me that something was wrong. He had been sick—whipped in a free fight, or was just outgrowing one of his big drunks. But upon this point I was soon enlightened.

"Why, Sut, what's wrong now?"

"Heap's wrong; durn me skin if I ain't most ded. Lite off of that hoes, George, an' take a horn, while I take two, (shaking that everlasting flask of his at me,) an' plant yerself on that ar log an' I'll tell ye ef I ken, but it's most beyond tellin'. I recken I'm the darndest fool out en Utaw, 'cept my dad, for he acted hoss, and I haint dun that yet—allers in some trap that cudent ketch a sheep. I'll drown myself sum day, sec ef I don't, just to stop a family disposition to make d——d fools on themselves."

"How is it, Sut; have you been playing cards or drinking, which is it?"

"Nara one; that can't be did in these parts; but seein' its you, George, I'll tell you, but I swar I'm shamed—sick—sorry, and—and mad, I am."

"Ye know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin on the mountain, and pays for sich as I gits when I hev money, and when I heven't any, why, he takes one-third outen me in cussin'; and she, that's his wife, Bets, takes out t'other two-thirds with the battlin' stick, and the interest with her tongue, and the interest's more'n than the princi'l—heap more. She's the cussedest 'oman I ever seed eny how for jaw, breedin' and pride. She can scold a blister onto a bull's face, right on the curl, in two ninits. She outbreeds ev'rything on the river—and patterns arter ev'ry fashion she hears tell on, from hoops to briches. Oh! she's one on 'em, and sometimes she's two or three. Well, ye see I got sum hum-made cotton truck to make a new shert outen, and coaxed Bets to make it, and about the time it were dun, here comes Lawyer Johnson along an' axes for breakfus—I wish it had pizened him, durn his hide! and I wonder it didn't for she cooks awful mixings when she tries. I'm pizen proof myself (holding up his flask and peeping through it) or I'd be dead long ago.

"Well, while we were eatin' she spied out that his shirt was stiff and mighty slick; so she never rested till she wormed it outen him, that a prep'ration of flour did it; and she got a few particulars about the perceedings outen him by 'oman's arts—I don't know how she did it, perhaps *he* does.

"Arter he left she set in an' biled a big pot of paste—nigh onto a peck of it, an' soused in my shert an' let it soak a while, then she tuck it an' ironed it out flat and dry, and sot it upon its aidge agin the cabin, in the sun. Thar it stood as stiff as a dry hoss hide, and it rattled like sheet iron, it did. It was pasted together all over. When I cum to dinner, nothin' wud do but I must put it on. Well, Bets and me got the thing open arter some hard work, she pulling at one of the tails and me at the other, an' I got into it. Durn the everlasting new-fangled shert, I say! I felt like I had crawled into an old bee gum an' hit full of pisants, but it were like Lawyer Johnson's and I stud it like a man, and went to work to bild an ash hopper. I worked powerful hard and swet like a hoss, and when the shert got wet it quit its hurting.

"Arter I got dun, I took about four fingers of red-head, and crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snuze.

"Well, when I waked up I thought I was ded, or had the cholera, for all the jints I could move were my ankles, wrists, knees—couldn't even move my head, and skasely wink my eyes—the cussed shirt was pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint of the tails to the pint of the broadax collar over my years. It sot to me as close as a poor cow does to her hide in March. I squirmed and strained till I sorter got it broke at the shoulders and elbows, and then I done the durndest foolish things ever done in these mountains. I shuffled my britches off, and tore loose from my hide about two inches of the tail all round, in much pain and triberlation. Oh, but it did hurt! Then I took up a plank outen the loft, and hung my legs down through the hole, and nailed the aidge of the front tail to the floor before, and the hind tail I nailed to the plank on whot I sot. I unbuttoned the collar and risbands, raised my hands above my head, shot up my eyes, said grace, and jumped through to the ground flore."

Here Sut remarked sadly:

"George, I'm a darnder fool than ever dad was, hoss, hornets, and all. I'll drown myself sum of these days, see ef I don't."

"Well, go on Sut; did the shirt come off?"

"I—t-h-i-n-k—i-t—d-i-d. I hearn a noise sorter like taring a shingle roof off a house all at onct, and felt like my bones were all that reached the flore. I staggered to my feet and took a look at my shert. The nails had all hild their holt, and thar it were hanging, arms down, inside out, and as stiff as ever. It looked like the map of Mexico, just arter one of the first battles—a patch of my hide about the size of a dollar and a half bill here; a bunch of my har about the size of a bird's nest thar; then some more skin; then some paste; then a little more har; then a heap of skin; then more har; then skin, and so on all over that darned, new-fangled, everlasting, infernal cuss of a shert. It was a picter to look at—*and so was I.* The hide, har and paste, were about equally divided atween me and hit.

"Wonder what Bets, durn her, thought when she came home and found me missing? Spect she thinks I crawled into the thicket and died of my wounds. It must have skared her good, for I tell you it looked like the skin of some wild beast torn off alive, or a bag what had kerried a large load of fresh beef from a hunting match.

"Now, George, if ever I ketch that lawyer Johnson out, I'll shoot him, and if ever an 'oman talks about flat'nin a shert for me again, durn my everlastin picter ef I don't flatten her! It's a ritribution sartin, the biggest kind of a preecher's ritribution.

"Do you remember of my driving of dad through that hornets' nest, and then racing of him inter the krock?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is what comes of it. I'll drown myself some of these days, see ef I don't—ef I don't die from that awful shert. Take a horn, and don't yeou try a starchy shert as long as yeou live."

A HARMLESS ECCENTRIC.—The appearance of this person is thus described in a number of the "Gentlemen's Magazine" published in 1790:—"Though I have seen her at various times, and conversed with her for these twenty years, I have never been able to learn any particulars concerning her family, friends, or name. The country people knew her by the appellation of Jenny Darney, from the manner, I presume, in which she used to darn her clothes. Her present garb is entirely of her own manufacture. She collects the small parcels of wool which lie about the fields on sheep farms, spins it on a rock and spindle of her own making; and as she cannot find any other method of making the yarn into cloth, she knits it on wooden needles, and by that means, procures a warm, comfortable dress. In the lifetime of a benevolent proprietor in her neighborhood, she took possession of an old cottage, in which she was suffered to continue. Her intellect seems at certain times greatly deranged, but her actions are harmless, and her language inoffensive. On that score, she is caressed by all the villagers, who supply her with eatables, &c.; for money she utterly refuses. In her lucid intervals, she seems a person of much shrewdness, and her understanding is above the common level. This has also been improved by a tolerable education. Her appearance has been the same for these twenty years, so that she must now be nearly ninety years of age; but of this, as well as of her family and name, she is always silent. She seems to have chosen out the spot where she now lives, to pass the remainder of her days, unknown to her friends." This singular woman used to walk about with a couple of rough sticks in her hand, apparently for support, and with a clay pipe in her mouth.

WONDERFUL CLOCK.—Towards the end of the last century a clock was constructed by a Genevan mechanic named Dooz, capable of performing a variety of surprising movements, which were effected by the figures of a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. This clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was highly delighted with the ingenuity of the artist. The king, at the request of Dooz, took an apple from the shepherd's basket, when the dog started up, and barked so loud that the king's dog, which was in the same room, began to bark also. We are moreover informed that the negro, on being asked what hour it was, answered the question in French, so that he could be understood by those present. All this was doubtless the result of machinery and arrangement similar to those used many years afterwards, in connection with the chess automaton.

COMPARATIVE LENGTH OF DAYS.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, 18½, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburgh, 19; shortest, 7. At St. Petersburgh, 19; shortest, 5. At Finland, 21½; shortest, 2¾. In Norway the day lasts from May 21st to July 22, without any interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half!

AGES OF CELEBRATED MEN NOW LIVING.—Benicia Boy, 27; John Bright, 51; Lord Brougham, 84; Richard Cobden, 62; Cruikshank, 68; Dickens, 50; Garibaldi, 55; Gavazzi, 53; Kossuth, 56; Mazzini, 53; Palmerston, 78; the Pope, 70; Spurgeon, 28; Tennyson, 52; Cardinal Wiseman, 60; and Dick Weaver, 35. So our London correspondent says, and we guess he's pretty near right.

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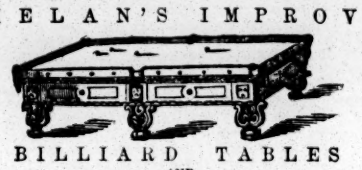

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